McKean County Miner

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EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR INSTITUTE

The Annual McKean County Teachers' Institute convenes at the court house in Smethport next Monday afternoon at 1:45 o'clock. Last week this paper devoted considerable space to the program of the event, but it is well to remind our readers again of the excellence of the evening entertainments which will be given in the Lyceum starting promptly at 8:15 each evening.

Monday, December 2, the public will have an opportunity to see and hear The Three Arts Company, which is composed of an especially gifted quartette of entertainers, giving a program which includes vocal music pantomime and a clever playlet entitled, "After the War, What?" The press notices which these performers receive should be a guarantee of excellence and they have appeared before various teachers' institutes this season always scoring great successes.

Tuesday, December 3, The Whitney Players will hold the stage with an evening of one-act plays—drama, comedy and farce. This company is composed of finished artists, who have proven themselves to be one of the very best attractions sent out by the Coit-Neilson Bureau for the past two seasons and Smethport is fortunate in having this opportunity to witness their clever performance.

Wednesday, December 4, Dr. Frank S. Fox, President of the Capitol Hill College of Oratory and Music, will deliver his famous address, "The Spirit of Uncle Sam." The title is enough to arouse pleasant expectancy, and when it is known that the press of the whole country speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Fox as an orator and humorist it is an evening of amusement and instruction that may well be eagerly awaited.

Thursday, December 5, Miss Margaret Stahl is the attraction. Miss Stahl was such a popular success at her appearance here last year that she was engaged at that time for a return engagement, which she is luckily able to fill, after the various postponements of this year's institute. Last year she interpreted the play "Strongheart," and it is understood that she will present "The Country Cousin" at her appearance next week.

Tickets for these entertainments may be secured of high school pupils and at Hogarth's drug store. The price for the course is very low, only $1.00. Single admissions are 50 cents.

THADDIUS HOLMES WAS NOT KILLED.

The report that Sergeant Thaddius H. Holmes was killed on the battlefield in France on October 19 has happily been proven to have been a mistake. The young man who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Holmes of Eldred and a nephew of F. L. Holmes of Smethport, was wounded in action and had been in a hospital for considerable time, but is now reported to be on his way across the ocean to America. The report that he was dead which came last week caused great sorrow throughout this part of the county where he is well known, and the rejoicing was just as great when it became known that the young man was still in the land of the living. This young man upon his return home can have the unique privilege of reading his own obituary notices.

LEAVING CAMP UPTON.

Camp Upton, Nov. 26. The initial step in demobilizing the national army men at Camp Upton was taken today when the first thousand soldiers who are to receive their honorable discharge underwent thorough physical examination. They will leave for their homes Tuesday, December 2.

It was a changed set of men who appeared before the physicians. A few months ago, when they were subjected to their first physical examination by army surgeons, they were anxious. Today they were happy, jubilant, joking, many of them sorry to leave the service.

ATTENTION PATRIARCHS.

Smethport Encampment No. 273, I. O. O. F. will work the Patriarchal Degree on the regular meeting December 4, 1918, at 8 o'clock p. m. All members are requested to be present.

J. A. SWANSON,
48w1 Scribe.

SAD DEATH OF LITTLE BOY.

Martin Edward Finley, eldest of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Finley of Coryville, passed away last Thursday, November 21, as the result of being kicked by a horse Saturday, November 16. The little boy had led the horse to a watering place and after the animal drank started to lead it back to the barn. The horse was frisky in the cold air and while prancing around kicked Martin in the face inflicting injuries that caused his death a few days later. No one saw the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Finley were in Smethport, and the scream heard by the boy's grandmother was the first intimation of the accident. He was standing on his feet in a dazed condition when she reached him and complained that he could not see. She quickly secured help and medical attention and everything that could be was accomplished for the little sufferer, but without avail. Death was probably due to concussion of the brain. He was conscious at intervals until the end came. Martin Edward Finley was born February 22, 1908 and died November 21, 1918. He was a very intelligent manly little fellow and his sudden death is a crushing blow to the doting parents. He also leaves one brother, Robert, who is 3 years old. The family have the sincere sympathy of all who know them. The funeral was held Saturday last at 1 p. m. at the house, Rev. L. O. Thayer officiating. The burial was in Fairview cemetery.

Our darling one is taken,
He whom we loved so well;
He's gone away to heaven,
There evermore to dwell.
But the sorrow we feel at his loss
None but a mother can know;
We thought he was ours—but alas,
We'd forgot that Jesus our treasure had given.
But now as we see through the veil dimly,
Our darling was only lent;
Only as a bud on earth to blossom in heaven.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF ELK COUNTY MAN.

When his clothing caught in shaft at the compressing and gas plant of the South Penn Oil company at Pig's Ear, Elk county, Monday night, the body of Arthur M. Reed, 40 years old, was whirled about until dismembered. No person witnessed the tragic death of Mr. Reed and it was not until probably six hours after the accident that discovery was made by the night engineer upon coming on duty.

Details of horrible death met by Mr. Reed appear to be circumstantially established. He had mounted to a platform, apparently to put a belt on a pulley so as to start machinery in an auxiliary building. In some manner his clothing became caught in the shaft and he failed to free himself in frantic effort. With shaft revolving 60 times a minute, he was whirled about and apparently the body must have been held in fatal grasp for an hour or more. Death probably came as merciful relief to the man within a short time. As the body whirled about, it struck against an iron railing and both legs and arms were torn off and the body otherwise horribly mangled. No injuries to the head resulted and the upper part of the body apparently was protected. The body whirled about the shaft until all clothing was torn off and the torso released and hurled to the floor.

Gruesome sight met the night engineer when he came on duty. [illegible] was found here and [illegible] blood was spattered about as it parted from the revolving body. The remains were gathered up [illegible].

While the time of the accident cannot be definitely fixed, it is believed to have occurred about 6:30 o'clock. Half an hour earlier, his wife, who, with a son, survives visited the plant and took Mr. Reed his supper. As oil cups of the engine were dry the engine had no attention for some hours, so that it is believed Mr. Reed met tragic death soon after his wife left the building.

In reaching the platform to adjust a belt on a pulley, Mr. Reed climbed nearly to the roof of the building. Rules of the company provide that when belts are slipped on to pulleys, machinery shall be stopped and clutch near at hand was provided for throwing the shaft out of gear.—Kane Republican.

WANTED

At once 50 wood chopers—good timber, good pay, work near Betula. Inquire of C. M. Benson, Colegrove, Pa. adv46w3.

LETTER FROM ALFRED OVIATT.

The following letter from Alfred Oviatt, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Oviatt, of East Smethport, dated France, October 22, 1918, was heavily censored in places, but is interesting nevertheless:

Dear Father and Mother: Will write a few lines today to let you know I have received your letter dated Sept. 22, and that I am in good health. * * * * * Do not know for certain. All the fellows from home that were in Co. C. and the machine gun company * * * * * Perhaps you have heard of it before this. Think I have been very fortunate. All the men have been in the line every time and have not been absent from the company will get a seven day leave of absence and go to some nice town. I will be one of them to go. Fine, eh? The allies are having fine success and I hope the war will soon end. By the time this reaches you perhaps you will have received the coupon with which to send me a Christmas box. The Red Cross will give you a box and you can fill it with chocolate and cigars to make the required weight. Has Keith Pratt left for camp yet and how does Allen Hyde like the army. Hope George does not have to come over. He has been training a long time now. Suppose he will have an aero plane of his own when the war is over. I want half interest in it (this refers to his brother, George Oviatt, who is in the aviation service). A German plane was shooting at a column of French troops along the road recently and the American machine guns shot him down. The plane fell within a hundred yards of me and our fellows captured the pilot and an officer. I was carrying a message so could not stop long. Have seen several planes brought down and some were burning when they fell which is not pleasant for the aviator. Will close for this time hoping this finds you all in good health. Lovingly, ALFRED OVIATT.

HAD BETTER STAY AT HOME.

A New York dispatch of yesterday says: George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in the Taft administration, in an address here tonight before more than a hundred educators, lawyers, bankers and merchants engaged in international trade who are members of the Council on Foreign Relations, advanced the opinion that the Constitution makes it mandatory upon Vice President Marshall to assume the office of President if Mr. Wilson leaves the United States to attend the peace conference.

The projected journey of the President to France and his suggested sojourn there for an indefinite period, said Mr. Wickersham, brings up for the first time in our history the question of the effect of such absence and of the power of the Vice-President because of such absence.

The former Attorney General quoted section one of article two of the United States Constitution which, he said prescribed the mode of procedure in event of the Presidents removal from office, his death, resignation or inability to discharge the duties of said office.

He maintained that absence of the President from the seat of Government and the country constitutes an inability to discharge the power and duties of his office within the meaning of the law.

PERSHING FOR PRESIDENT.

Columbus, November 25.—A campaign for the election of General John J. Pershing to the presidency in 1920 was formally launched in Ohio today by the incorporation of the "Pershing Republican league."

Former United States Senator Charles Dick of Akron and 14 other prominent Republicans of Akron and Summit county are sponsors for the movement. Mr. Dick's name heads the list of the 15 men who signed the articles of incorporation which were issued by the secretary of state today.

COME, COME, COME!

To the Parish House, Saturday, November 30, to a musical entertainment for St. Agnes Guild. 48w1***

FOR SALE.

1 horse, harness, buggy, platform wagon, 1 cutter and one Sharples Tubular Separator, number two.

OLAF HECTOR, West King St.
adv48w1*** Smethport, Pa.

WANTED

At once 50 wood chopers—good timber, good pay, work near Betula. Inquire of C. M. Benson, Colegrove, Pa. adv46w3.

COMPLETE VOTE OF THE COUNTY

The county commissioners have completed the official count of the vote cast for the various officers. The figures show that Judge Bouton of Smethport was given a large complimentary vote, receiving a total of 3504 which includes the soldier vote. The official vote of the principal offices are given below together with the soldier vote and the pluralities:

For Governor.

Sproul, R	3236
W.	71
Soldier vote	21
Total	3328
Bonniwell, D.	1528
Fair Play	43
Soldier vote	16
Total	1587

Sproul's plurality, 1741.

Lieutenant Governor.

Beidleman, R.	3179
Wash.	54
Soldier vote	19
Total	3252
Logue, D.	1474
Soldier vote	15
Total	1489

Beidleman's plurality, 1763.

Secretary Internal Affairs.

Woodward, R.	2932
W.	51
Soldier vote	14
Total	2997
Johnson, D.	1842
Soldier vote	23
Total	1865

Woodward's plurality, 1132.

Congress.

Jones, R.	3176
S.	116
W.	15
Soldier vote	21
Total	3331
Tobias, D.	1708
Soldier vote	8
Total	1716

Jones' plurality, 1675.

Assembly.

Catlin, R.	2030
P.	282
W.	1
Soldier vote	22
Total	2351
Fitzgibbon, R.	2030
S.	157
W.	56
Soldier vote	17
Total	3202
Isherwood, D.	1860
P.	289
Soldier vote	17
Total	2186
McEnteer, D.	1322
Soldier vote	9
Total	1331

Catlin over Isherwood, 1198.
Fitzgibbon over McEnteer, 1869.

Road Amendment.

Yes	2931
No	620
Plurality for	2311

DRAFT BOARD FINISHES WORK.

The various draft boards throughout the state have finished their labors and are preparing to turn their files and records over to the federal government. There isn't a board in the state that can point with pride to a work well done with better reason than the board that looked after affairs in the second district of McKean county, consisting of Sheriff E. W. Jones of Smethport Commissioners' Clerk Albert Anderson of Clermont, and the medical member Dr. E. H. McCleery of Kane, who were most ably assisted by Deputy Sheriff C. C. Choate of Smethport. On various occasions members of this board have been complimented upon their diligence and acuracy by state and federal officials. The work was faithfully accomplished and their full contingents were ready when the various times came for entraining. These gentlemen can retire with the consciousness of an arduous task well and thoroughly finished.

Advertise in the MINER.

SMALL PAPERS HARD HIT.

Washington, Nov. 25. The Republican Publicity association, through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington headquarters.

"No other business has been hit harder by the war than the newspaper business, particularly in the smaller cities and country towns. The large metropolitan papers have probably suffered least. During 1917 more than 1200 publications went out of business. After making allowance for new papers started, it appears that there was a net loss of 62 dailies and 569 weeklies.

"The mortality statistics for 1918 will probably show as great a loss for the shortage of paper, the great increasing cost of all kinds of supplies, and the higher wages, together with the heavy call upon newspaper men for military service, have been more severe this year than last.

"And one of the serious features of the situation is that the people of the country probably do not realize that the most valuable portion of the press has sustained the greatest loss. Under popular government the country press, including not only country weeklies, but the smaller dailies, is the real voice of the people. Editors of large metropolitan papers do not and cannot have the close touch with the people that is necessary to the life of the country editor. Just as Washington, D. C., is the poorest place in the country to get a line on the political thought of the nation, so the big city newspaper office is the poorest place to get a correct picture of national thought, either political or otherwise. The people of the United States should realize this and should see to it that whatever else happens the country press shall be maintained.

"Freedom of Speech and of the press is the first essential of a republican form of government, for the representatives of the people cannot know the thoughts and aspirations and desires of their constituents unless voiced through the mediumship of the local press to which they have access, either directly through the publication of communications, or indirectly through the editor's interpretation of the views of his community.

"The country press, including the smaller dailies, represents the producing element of our national life. The larger metropolitan press represents the commercial factors. Just as production is the first essential of a permanent prosperity, so the maintenance of that portion of the press that speaks for the producers is most important.

"The metropolitan press has its place in our national life and nobody wishes it ill. The fact remains, however that the vital interests of the nation are most promptly and most clearly represented and the thought of the people most freely and most courageously voiced by the country press. The people of the country may not see it now but they will some day realize that the large preponderance of suspensions among the weekly publications is a menace to the national welfare."

SMITH IN THE LEAD.

A New York dispatch yesterday said: with the soldier vote not yet tallied Alfred E. Smith leads Governor Whitman by 8,222 in the official count of the vote for Governor compiled here today for all counties except Cayuga. In that county unofficial figures, which were included in obtaining the plurality [illegible] Whitman and [illegible] for Smith [illegible] in the [illegible] of Moravia giving [illegible] votes [illegible] Whitman than were [illegible], [illegible] in an examination of ballots by Supreme Court Justice Clark.

The official canvass in New York City gave the Governor 286,149 votes and his Democratic opponent 517,756. Outside the city the vote for Whitman totaled [illegible] and for Smith 446,293.

The total vote was 1,979,516 which, it is predicted, will exceed the 2,000,000 mark when the ballots of men in the army and navy are canvassed next month.

FOR SALE.

Team of black horses 5 and 6 years old. Also one bay mare 6 years. Kind and gentle. A few sheep.

W. S. ACKER.
adv47tf. Smethport, R. D. 2

LOST.

String of gold beads. Liberal reward paid for return to Grand Central Hotel. adv.48w1.

WHITE SLAVER ARRESTED.

Arrested at Warren on a federal warrant charging violation of the Mann white slave act, Peter Carnell, alias Spagari, 33 years old, an Italian, was taken to Erie Saturday by a government agent and was arrested by City Detectives Brown and Scalise and held by the local police until the warrant for his arrest arrived, when he was sent to the county jail to await hearing before the next session of federal court for this district. Carnell was first taken into custody at Kane last Saturday by Constable Adams, of Warren, and was held in jail at Warren, until federal charge was made.

Carnell, upon arrival in Erie, was given the third degree by United States Inspector Leon at his office in the federal building, and after a stiff quiz Carnell broke down and told Leon what will be used as evidence in his hearing.

It is alleged that Carnell took a 16-year-old Italian girl from one section of the state to another, his operations covering Warren, Kane, Oil City and finally over the line to Jamestown, N. Y., using her for immoral purposes.

Taking the girl into Italian settlements, Carnell, it is charged, found vacant buildings or boxcars, chained the girl up and used her for immoral purposes. He himself did the pandering and received the proceeds. It is alleged that the girl finally preyed upon the kind-heartedness of one of the victims, who notified the police authorities at Warren, who investigated. They discovered that Carnell had transported the girl out of the state of Pennsylvania, in violation of the federal law governing the interstate transportation of persons for immoral purposes, and the Italian was arrested. The girl is said to be the wife of a soldier now serving over seas.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

There was a general shaking up in room B Friday afternoon. Where you usta was, you no longer are. We are now placed in alphabetical order regardless of size or sex.

What's the matter with the furnace? Everybody was shivering Monday. But just think of all those hot days we had last summer.

Boys, if you must throw chalk, please condescend to wait until you get home and then if your mother doesn't mind it we surely won't.

Why will Freshmen persist in taking other peoples seats? But I suppose as it always has been that way, it probably always will be.

Listen my children and you shall hear,
That the Juniors are giving a party this year
To the honorable Seniors; and I've heard that they say
That its going to be most glorious and gay.

But stifle your joys, you of the two lower classes,
For we're not invited poor laddies and lasses
These Junior and Seniors are so very sedate,
That to ask a mere Freshman would sensations create.

But we will soon be Juniors
And then 'twill be our turn
To teach the little Freshmen,
Just how much they've got to learn.

No school next week, and of course we feel terrible because we wont have to get up early in the morning. It would almost take you to heaven to hear the S. H. S. [illegible] warbling. The [illegible] high. The [illegible] "America [illegible]"

Anyone desiring Institute tickets would help a lot by buying them from some of the High School pupils.

BLOSSOM

Notwithstanding the fact that nearly all Smethport's industries are either shut down or running with reduced forces there is a marked shortage of desirable tenant houses. Now that the war is over it is up to the community to devote its energies to our industrial development and about the first thing is to provide houses for people to live in. Rents were never higher in the town and it certainly looks like a good investment to prepare suitable tenant houses. The MINER has it on pretty good authority that a determined effort is being made to land new industries by interested people and in the event of any considerable number of new residents coming to the town the scarcity of desirable dwellings is going to be keenly felt.

PEACE ADDS TO U. S. FOOD TASK

Europe Needs Nearly Double Last Year's Supplies From America.

ECONOMY MUST CONTINUE.

World Survey Shows Sufficient Wheat, But Shortage of Fats—Government's Stimulative Program Justified.

With the return of peace America is confronted by a food problem even [illegible] which we could [illegible] of war. We have an [illegible] world situation [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] year we shipped [illegible] tons of foodstuffs to the European Allies. Had the war continued we would have increased this enormous figure to 17,500,000 tons in the present year. Now, with the responsibility of feeding millions of people liberated from the German yoke, our exports must be brought up to at least 20,000,000 tons—practically the limit of loading capacity at our ports.

World Food Demand Increased.

The end of the war will create an enormously increased demand for food. Humanity demands that the starving millions freed from Prussian oppression shall have sufficient supplies to assure their return to health and prosperity. If these liberated nations are faced with starvation they cannot establish orderly governments. Hunger breeds anarchy in a people. The war to free the world for democracy will be lost after it has been won. America must continue its work to conservation and by sharing its food make democracy safe in the world.

In order to meet this new situation the Food Administration has made a careful survey of the food resources of the whole world in relation to the total demands. Computing supplies on the basis of the avoidance of waste and war consumption, it is found that wheat and rye may be obtained in sufficient quantities to meet economical world consumption; high protein feed for dairy animals will show a shortage of about 3,000,000 tons, while there will be sufficient supplies of other foods to allow economical consumption; beans, peas and rice will also be found in sufficient quantities to maintain economy in consumption; there are sufficient supplies of beef to keep pace with the capacity of refrigerating space.

Great Fat Shortage.

The most distinct reversal of policy will come with pork and dairy products, vegetable oils, sugar and coffee. Utmost economy will be required in the use of fats and oils, in which there is a world shortage of about 3,000,000,000 pounds. There are sufficient supplies for us to return to our normal sugar consumption if other nations continue their present short rations, or even if their rations are slightly increased. If the European countries, however, are to resume their normal sugar consumption it will be through our continued conservation in order to share with them. There is a surplus of coffee.

Of the world total required to produce these results North America will furnish more than [illegible] per cent. The United States, including the West Indies, will be in a position to furnish a total of about 20,000,000 tons against our pre-war exports of about 6,000,000 tons.

The bread grains situation allows the world to abandon the use of substitutes in wheat bread. Large supplies have accumulated in the Argentine, Australia and other hitherto inaccessible markets. A continued high milling percentage, economy of consumption and elimination of waste make it possible for the world to return to a white wheat loaf.

Of all our export possibilities in fats, the largest and most important item is pork. While we cannot supply the world deficiency, we will be able to help it [illegible] because of the [illegible] [illegible] production [illegible] consumption. The [illegible] policy with regard to [illegible] the [illegible] of wheat and of pork, the [illegible] source of fats, is thus amply justified by the situation upon the return of peace.

Famine Specter Still Stalks.

The people of the United States must continue care and wise economy in the use of food in order to complete the work of liberating the world. But even with the utmost conservation and production in this country there will be in Europe for the next year or more starvation beyond all human power to relieve. In North Russia there are 40,000,000 people to whom food cannot be made accessible this winter. Their transportation is demoralized in complete anarchy. And even if internal transport can be assured their ports of entry would soon be frozen. Millions more who have felt keenly the oppression of war will be beyond reach of assistance.

We must realize that upon our shoulders rests a greater responsibility than we have ever before been asked to assume. We must realize that millions of lives depend absolutely upon the continued service and sacrifice of the American people.

We must realize that the specter of famine abroad now haunts the abundance of our table at home.

Peace Brings Us New Mouths to Feed



ALLIES ARE FED BY SELF DENIAL

Generous Doing Without in America Supplied Food to Europe.

Exports from this country since it entered the war have kept starvation from Allied Europe and have maintained the health and strength of those who have been bearing the brunt of our battles, so that they could hold out to victory. Now that hostilities have ceased we must assume the added burden of keeping starvation from increasing its toll upon the millions who have been liberated from the Prussian yoke. Famine would undo the work which has been accomplished in freeing the world for democracy. No stable government can be established and maintained by a nation harassed by hunger. A starving people turns to rioting and anarchy. Food has given strength and courage to the nations fighting for democracy; it must now give the nations strength and tranquillity to re-establish themselves in freedom and democracy.

Without our help it would have been absolutely impossible for the Allies to maintain a living ration. Since our entry into the war we have been contributing largely to the support of one hundred and twenty million people whose normal food supplies have been cut off, whose production has fallen almost to the vanishing point, whose fields have been devastated by Germany. The food exported from the United States in the past year has been sufficient to supply the complete ration of twenty-two million people.

It is hard to grasp the magnitude and significance of the assistance which has been lent the Allies by the patriotic, voluntary service of the American people. The food we sent abroad last year would have been sufficient to feed one-fifth of our population. And this was done in spite of the fact that we entered the year with short crops. Our surplus was practically nothing. An overwhelming proportion of the food that left this country last year was saved out of the normal home consumption of our own people.

In spite of difficulties met in internal transportation and shortage of [illegible] [illegible] our food exports last year amounted to a figure that a few years ago would have been unbelievable. Even the most optimistic element of our population faced with anxious consternation the prospect which opened before us with the beginning of the 1917 harvest year.

The American people have not been compelled to save. They have been appealed to on the basis of humanity and of patriotism. They have responded voluntarily.

Besides such incidental benefits as the improvement in figure and health that we've reaped from our meatless, wheatless days, think of the fun we've had out of them—the new crop of jokes, jibes, topical songs and cartoons to replace the mother-in-law joke and the boost to our reputation for ready humor!

Eighty millions of men cannot be taken out of production for four years without lasting losses of yield. It will be years before their fields recuperate, farms are restored and herds restocked. Save food.

PURPOSES OF FOOD ADMINISTRATION THE DAY OF ITS BEGINNING.

The [illegible] of the Food Administration are threefold: So to guide the trade in fundamental food commodities as to eliminate vicious speculation, extortion and wasteful practices and to stabilize prices in essential staples. Herbert Hoover, August 10, 1917.

SEVEN LOAVES OF BREAD FOR EVERY PERSON IN U. S. SAVED FROM WASTE

Farmers and Threshermen Patriotically Respond to Call of Food Administration.

From information received by the U. S. Food Administration from the principal grain growing states, it is now possible to announce with fair accuracy the amount of wheat saved last harvest by improved methods of handling. According to official calculations, efforts toward cleaner threshing saved fully 16,000,000 bushels of wheat with corresponding savings of other small grain harvested and threshed in a similar manner. In addition, other states, though unable to furnish figures, reported greatly reduced harvest losses.

The figure for wheat alone is equivalent to seven one-pound loaves of bread for every person in the United States and represents food that formerly was either an absolute loss, or was recovered to only a slight extent by poultry and livestock. While opportunities in this branch of conservation were large, the quantity of grain recovered surpasses early expectations. It is noteworthy also that results were secured principally through voluntary co-operation.

No conservation measure of the Food Administration, it is declared, has received more wholehearted support than that pledged and rendered by farmers and threshermen toward reducing grain waste at its source.



The benefits of our food saving campaign that was a vital factor in the winning of the war were not all to these we fed. We have at home a new appreciation of food that will prevent it ever being wasted again by those that have come to understand the religion of saving and the place that food occupies in our new, world-wide human relations.

Out of empty granaries to draw 141,000,000 bushels for export—the will of a free people accomplished that marvel.

Do you remember when food control by voluntary action was deemed a daring adventure in democracy?

TEACHERS AND DIRECTORS OF McKEAN COUNTY.

Postoffice addresses are indicated by numbers: Alton, 1; Bradford, 2; Bingham, [illegible]; Clermont, [illegible]; Custer City, [illegible]; Crosby, [illegible]; [illegible] Eldred, 15; East Smethport, [illegible]; Farmers Valley, 19; Gaffey, 20; [illegible] 21; Hazelhurst, 22; Hutchins, 23; [illegible] 24; Kinzua, 25; Kushequa, 26; [illegible] 27; Ludlow, 28; Lewis Run, 29; [illegible] Jewett, 30; Mt. Alton, 31; Norwich, 32; [illegible] 33; Port Allegany, 34; Rew City, 35; [illegible] Rixford, 36; Shinglehouse, 37; Smethport, [illegible]; Turtle Point, 39; Westline, 40; Wrights, 41; Wrights, 42; Duke Center, 43; Coryville, 44; Stickney, 45.

The officials of the school boards are given first in the printed lists: President, secretary and treasurer in order.

Annin.

[illegible]

Bradford

[illegible]

Corydon

[illegible]

Eldred Boro

[illegible]

Eldred Twp.

[illegible]

Foster

[illegible]

Hamilton

[illegible]

Hamlin

[illegible]

Keating

Gladys Bray, East Smethport [illegible]
Mrs. Kate L. Sullivan, E. Smethport [illegible]
Myrtle Taylor, East Smethport [illegible]
Helen Haven, Moore [illegible]
Marian Bush, Coryville [illegible]
Helen Johnson, Bush Hill [illegible]
Cora Barron, Burbank [illegible]
Olive Thomas, Barrett [illegible]
[illegible]

Mt. Jewett

[illegible]

Lafayette

[illegible]

Lewis Run

E. E. Cornelius, Principal [illegible]
Gertrude Hinchey, Int. [illegible]
Flora Irvine, 2nd Pr. [illegible]
Christine Anderson, 1st Pr. [illegible]
LEWIS RUN—W. E. Shaffner, E. G. Hendstrom, H. B. Cannon, J. O. Clark, S. M. Manning, Lewis Run Pa.

Liberty

Augustus Crowley, Brooklyn Gr. 24
Bertha Spencer, Brooklyn Pr. 31
Marcella Robinson, Two Mile 31
[illegible] Pine Grove 31
[illegible] Meckie, Portage 31
[illegible]
LIBERTY—Mason Burr, C. L. Thomas, [illegible] A. Caskey, A. G. Dunbar, D. M. Card, Port Allegany.

Norwich

Henry Smith, Principal [illegible]
[illegible]

Port Allegany

[illegible]

Sergeant

[illegible]

Smethport

[illegible]

Wetmore

[illegible]

It Didn't Work.

A wee four-year-old was having Thrift stamps explained to her by her young uncle, an enthusiastic canvasser. To illustrate his talk he ended it by giving her two quarters. "Now these will buy you two Thrift stamps," he said.

"Two Thrift stamps," she repeated, smiling.

A few minutes later her grandmother came into the room. The uncle, eager to display the effect of his oratory, ordered: "Mary Ellen, show grandma what you have."

Obediently Mary Ellen displayed her two quarters. "Now, tell grandma what you're going to buy with them," he smiled in anticipation of the answer.

But his smile didn't hold. In Mary Ellen's sweetest tones came the information: "Tandy and tookies."

First Trans-Atlantic Liner.

The astonishing development of America's shipbuilding industry within the last few years makes certain that our merchant marine will soon be restored to the supremacy it once held, and recalls the launching at New York, just 100 years ago, of the first trans-Atlantic liner to be operated by steam power. She was the famous Savannah, a vessel of 350 tons. The crank who thought it was possible for a ship to cross the Atlantic by steam power was William Scarborough of Savannah. The Savannah left New York for the home city of her builder on April 10, 1819, and a little more than a month later cleared for Liverpool, where she was given a rousing welcome, as the first steam vessel to cross the ocean. The trip was made in four days less than a month. From Liverpool the Savannah proceeded to St. Petersburg, and in December, 1819, she was again in her home port.—New York World.

Saved Her Father's Life.

Heroic presence of mind exhibited by his fifteen-year-old daughter, Kathryn, saved the life of Harry B. Gregg, a broker of San Francisco, when he fell with his horse on the brink of a cliff while pursuing a deer, according to his story.

Gregg was dangling over the side of the cliff, clinging to the bridle of his frantically tugging horse, when his daughter hurled a lasso around him and cinched it about a tree. Gregg says he scrambled back to the path with difficulty, as his leg from the ankle to knee had been bruised in the fall from the horse.

If We Don't Have What You Want WE CAN GET IT FOR YOU.

A Complete Line of REXALL RUBBER GOODS The Guaranteed Kind.
ALL STANDARD PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.
MARTHA WASHINGTON CANDIES. Fresh Every Week.
NATIONAL CIGAR STAND.

Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE REXALL STORE)
PHONE 52J.

Magazine Agency

[illegible] MAGAZINE FOR [illegible]

[illegible] Christmas Gift And a Pretty Card Sent With First Number.

Mrs. H. L. Backus
Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.
Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the GROCERY BUSINESS of George M. Morrison.

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY
Phone 9-2-J
SMETHPORT, PA.

NEGLECT

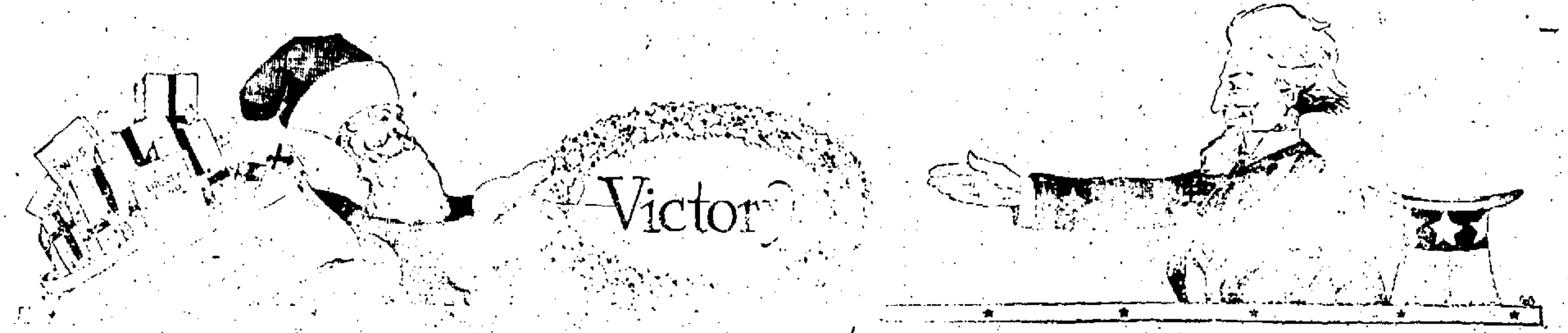
of the Storage Battery in your car is the cause of most of your troubles with ignition, lighting and starting. A little care, a frequent inspection will save you money and annoyance. We will be glad to give you this inspection and service.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES

are a lively, healthy source of power. When you elect a new battery for your car the Prest-O-Lite Battery will insure superior service and satisfaction.

Sold by
Smethport Garage Co.
Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY AND BAKED GOODS AT BRASTED'S Bakery



Santa Claus will be here this Christmas, but, like every one else, he must "Do his bit."

Victory is with us but we must not let up on our savings or our giving for the support of all War Work activities.

Santa will be under certain restrictions.



It is with whole-hearted compliance to the rules that we announce our complete readiness to serve you with a big stock suitable for gifts.

No Extra Help
This Year.

GIVE WAISTS.

We have an especially good display from which selections can easily be made.
Lawn and Voile, $1.09 to $2.50
Silks, $2.50 to $6.75
Special Value, $2.98.



SMART SHOES FOR ALL.

Women's Shoes $2.75 to $10.00 (and the very latest styles).
Children's ..... $1.00 to $5.50
Boys' .... $1.00 to $5.50
Felt Slippers .... 80c to $1.75
Men's Slippers ..$2.00 to $2.75

What gift could be more practical or useful than a stylish pair of shoes or slippers? You will find here the newest fashions in shoes of highest merit, priced very reasonably, too.

THE VERY BEST IVORY

At reasonable Prices.

Here are a few of the most popular gifts.

Trays .... 25c to $2.00
Perfume Bottles .. 50c to $1.00
Buffers .... 25c to $1.00
Hair pins and Powder Boxes .... 25c to $1.50
Combs .... 25c to $1.00
Candle Sticks and Shades pair $4.00
Jewel Cases .... 75c to $3.00
Complete line of small tools, Brushes, Mirrors, etc.

BRADLEY QUALITY BOOKS.

make especially good gifts. We have a complete line 5c to $1.50
Tell Me Another Story 355 pages $1.50
For the Children's Hour, 336 pages $1.50
Stories Children Need 364 pages $1.50
Worth While Stories, 424 pages $1.50
Once upon a time, Animal stories 75c
For the Children's Hour (3 books) .... 50c and 60c
The Sunken City 40c
Reserve your selections at once every one is a good book.

SPECIAL.

Display of Sweet Grass Baskets and Accessories.

Practical and pleasing gifts.
Round Baskets $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

Handle Baskets $1.75
Glass Jars Sweet Grass Covers Vases and Jardiniers 95c, $1.50 and $1.59.
Thimble Holders Sissor guards needle Cases .... 10c and 15c
Yarn holders 75c
Crochet holders 50c



DRESS FABRICS ARE WELCOME.

A dress pattern of silk or dress goods is an acceptable gift, especially if it is chosen at this store, from the big stocks of fine fabrics now on display.

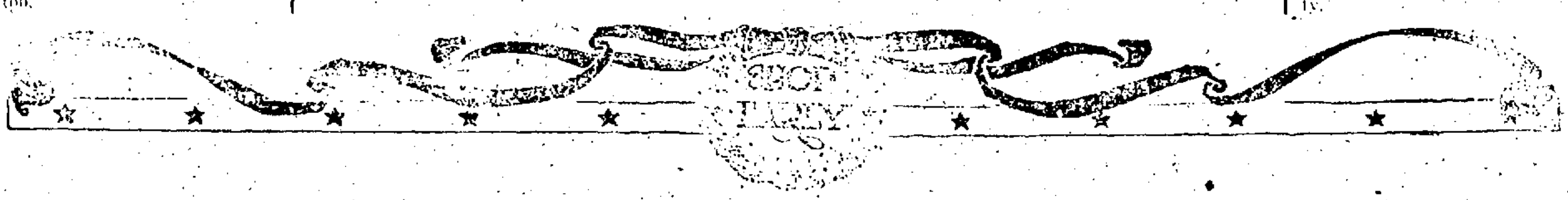
GLOVES
—and—
NECKWEAR.

Their popularity this Christmas will be greater than ever

GLOVES.

Kid Gloves .... $1.00 to $2.75
Chamoisette Gloves in white, black, gray & tan, 59c, 75c, $1.
Silk Gloves ...... 90c to $1.75
Children's Gloves in big variety.

MASSER BROTHERS CO.



Now is The Time
Start a Bank Account NOW

means more money for you than starting one six months from now. DO IT TODAY.
Tomorrow, today will be yesterday.

By depositing regularly, you bring out your best. COME TO OUR BANK AND DEVELOP YOURSELF.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK.
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, November 28

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Next week is teachers' institute and as a consequence schools will be closed.

—Masser Bros. Co. announce their holiday opening in a large advertisement on page 3 today. Some excellent merchandise is described and attractive prices quoted.

—St. Christopher's Guild will have a roast beef dinner at St. Luke's parish house at 5:30 o'clock, next Wednesday, December 4. There will also be a sale of fancy work and home-made candy at 5 o'clock. Dinner 50c.

Miss M. M. Gifford entertained the members of the A. [illegible] Bridge Club at a six o'clock dinner Saturday evening at her home on East Main street. The evening was spent in playing auction bridge.

—Major Putnam received official notice Wednesday at Emporium to discontinue work on the government sulphuric acid plant, and a number of the officials left that same evening. Others will leave later in the week. Also the munition plant is slowing down operations with as much dispatch as possible. All construction work was stopped as soon as the war closed. Yesterday the acid department was closed down. This department is the beginning of the manufactured product. Over five hundred men have left town.

The Fry Company has an interesting change of advertisement today.

C. R. Tubbs of Annin Creek, master of Pomona Grange, is [illegible] with [illegible].

Smethport Lodge No. 389, I. O. O. F. will install officers and serve supper November 29, 1918.

J. Clayton Backus who has been confined to his home by illness for the past week is much better at this time.

Miss Iva Holder entertained the Conomola Camp Fire Girls and their guardian, Miss Carrie A. Day, at her home on Franklin street Tuesday evening. Light refreshments were served by Miss Holder.

The condition of John D. Abbey of East Smethport is such as to cause anxiety among his many friends [illegible] hope [illegible] improvement will soon [illegible]. His sister Mrs. R. F. [illegible] of Port Allegany recently visited [illegible].

[illegible] in Smethport [illegible] the alarm during [illegible] winter or until [illegible]. The [illegible] regards the [illegible] nearly all the younger men are in the service and business people and property owners must at once realize that it is plainly up to them to get out and fight side by side with the officers and members of the Fire Department in case of the emergency arising. A word to the wise is sufficient. The annual meeting of the Fire Department for the purpose of electing officers of the different Companies will be held on Thursday evening, December fifth. Each member, active and exempt, is urgently requested to turn out at that time and assist in the selection of officers for the department for the coming year. This notice is printed at the request of officers of the Department and the business men of the town, particularly, should give this matter careful attention.

A civil service examination will be held in Smethport on January 11, 1919 to fill the position of rural mail carrier at Colegrove. Application blanks may be secured from the Smethport postoffice.

Because of the prevalence of influenza in sections of Potter county [illegible] which [illegible] have been held this week in Coudersport has been postponed for the year. [illegible] house has a severe epidemic of the disease but it is said the percentage of deaths is small.

The Eldred Eagle says: M. [illegible] Cowden, president of the local [illegible] is in town this week on business connected with the installing of the [illegible] at the plant. With the completion of these stills the capacity of the plant will be increased [illegible] barrels a year [illegible] [illegible] the town in New York and Pennsylvania.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage License.

Nov. 21—George E. Bramer of Eldred, Pa., and Edna L. Leishaw of Eldred Twp., Pa.

Nov. 22 Lloyd Tracy Taylor and Rose Black both of Lafayette Twp. McKean County, Pa.

Deeds.

Nov. 20 Christine Anderson to Rosoe F. Hinman, Bradford, $925.

Chester Anderson to Lillian McDonell, Bradford, $700.

Raffallo Sylvester to United Natural Gas Company, Bradford, $50.

Jessie C. Edgett, et al. to United Natural Gas Company, Bradford, $25.

W. B. Chapman, et al to Phebe C. Holbrook et al. Bradford, Twp., $1.

[illegible] Raszman and husband to W. N. Y. and Pa. Railway Co. Eldred Twp., $775.

J. H. Smith and wife to George Brasheim, Bradford, $1.

Joseph A. Samson and wife to Mina D. Shepard, Port Allegany $2000.

Nov. 23 Ada M. Young, et al. Exrs. to Harriet A. McCarty Keating, $[illegible].

Nov. 22 C. J. Murphy and wife to James H. Bird, et al, Foster, $1.

Margaret M. Greer, et al to Minnie M. Savertine, Foster, $1.

Chas. Bloomquist, et al, trustee to August Linde, Mt. Jewett, $ 2.

Nov. 23 Ella N. Still and husband to Harvey A. Heppinger, Bradford, [illegible]

T. W. [illegible] and wife to Mary J. [illegible], Bradford, $[illegible]

[illegible]

Herbert H. Allen, [illegible] Bradford, $[illegible]

[illegible] to Herbert H. Allen [illegible] Bradford, $1.

Oscar Zandi and wife to Wm. C. Kennedy, Lewis Run, $800.

C. A. Dolley and wife to August Johnson, Annin, $775.

Harry Fox to Earl M. Fox, Foster, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Nov. 20—James W. Leisure Exr. to Carre L. Spillman and husband, Bradford, $500.

Margaret E. Monroe to Robert L. Neilly, Bradford, $1800.

First National Bank of Port Allegany to Oscar Larson, et al, Annin Twp., $2000.

Nov 22—Jeremiah Burt Guardian, to Dora L. Burt, Bradford, $1200.

Nov 23—R. B. Johnston to Montrose T. Egbert and husband, Foster, $900.

Nov 25—Anna E. Olson to Julius Carlson and wife, Kane, $1000.

MILLINERY FOR FALL.

We are ready for your fall trade with the season's choice offerings in millinery. This season's offerings are especially beautiful and every woman will be interested in our display. We cordially invite you to call and see if your particular style is not here. Every effort is made to please our patrons. CARRIE CLARK.
ad26wtf.

Advertise in the MINER.



On his way to the Old Reliable Store.

To Save a Doctor Bill

Shoes and Rubbers to Keep your feet dry.

Good Underwear to Keep Your Hide Warm.

A good heavy and dressy overcoat that is guarteed. $25.00.

H. W. RUBIN & SON

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner,

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1918.

"What Next," is the title of a pamphlet written by George Wharton Pepper, chairman Pennsylvania Council of National Defense, that presents the problems of peace, especially in their relation to this state, about as clearly as is possible to do so. Now that the war is presumably over a great many people may think that the job is finished and that it is time to knock off and go home, but this pertinent little pamphlet disposes of that idea in a strikingly lucid manner. It calls to attention among other things the problem of the returning soldier in the following language:

What about the halt, the maimed and the blind? They must be trained for useful work and placed in industry after they are trained. The Federal Board charged with this duty will be to a great degree helpless in Pennsylvania without the cooperation of a local organization.

And what about the unhurt men? They will have survived the perils of the sea and the violence of enemies. But can they withstand the mistaken kindness, the hysterical adulation, the emotional attention which will certainly be heaped upon them unless in every community the danger is foreseen and a healthy public sentiment created!

That is a sample problem. There are twenty others and the only common sense solution to any or all of them is the continuation of that excellently trained body of men and women the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense as a permanent organization, or until the time comes when it is obvious to all that their services are no longer needed. The work is hard and it is voluntary and without pay, but every member should feel that he or she cannot knock off work and go home until the whole job is done and that means years more of service.

Howard Heinz, federal food administrator, suggests the following editorial: The signing of the armistice between the Germans and the Allies will not add a pound of food to the world's supply, but it will add millions of the half-starved people of the reconquered countries to eat at the "Common Table" of the Allies. For this reason conservation of food is now an even more vital duty than it has been in the past. It will be probably many months before all food control in this country can be done away with, and in the mean time the people of a starving world look to the United States for aid. They must not look in vain. All waste must be eliminated from our home tables if we are to perform a great duty of humanity. Therefore the necessity of saving every possible bit of food is still with us, as never before. Before the armistice was signed, our Government had undertaken to send to Europe 17,500,000 tons of food-stuffs, a quantity which greatly exceeds that of last year. Now there must be another great addition, for it is estimated that fully 5,000,000 additional tons will be required for the starving people of Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, and the total may possibly rise to 25,000,000 tons. These are staggering figures, but it represents a duty which the people of the United States must perform and no one should think that we can return to pre-war food conditions for at least two years. Changes may be made in the food regulations but there cannot possibly be any change for a long time in the policy of the utmost conservation in food.

Harden your hearts against the insidious propoganda that is afloat looking toward the establishment of milder peace terms for the German people. They will not be allowed to starve of that you may be sure, but the sense of justice that is inherent in all of us is unable to concede that those guilty of the murder of millions should escape the consequences of their crimes any more than the murderer of one individual. Nor can it be comprehended why a nation guilty of robbery and outrage should fail to recompense the sufferers from its brutality because the criminals are many and not one or two. We want Germany to be made to realize the enormity of her crimes, but how can this be done if we ourselves minimize these crimes, by failing to exact in reparation everything that can contribute to that result?

American farmers are now being told that even if a maximum price has been set on wheat they should remember that it is as high as it is because of the Wilson administration. Of course the war had nothing to do with it. However, we can't help remembering that the market price of wheat on November 1, 1912, just before Wilson's election was $1.07 a bushel, whereas on July 15, 1914, just before the war broke out it was 74 cents.—Fort Wayne News.

From various government officials come reports that war contracts are not to be canceled at least for the present. The reason given is the danger of throwing large numbers of men out of work and bringing general reduction of wages. But is that a real danger? M Tardieu estimates that France will need 10,000,000 tons of steel for reconstruction purposes. The demands of Italy are also very large. The conditions in the steel market are repeated in similar degree in other industries. Why, then, must we fear any lack of work at our mills or any lessening of the demand for labor? The truth is the people of the country have absorbed the idea that the cessation of the war will bring to a stop our preparations for a continuance of the war. Of course they realize that no finished products, be they ships, guns, or other munitions, must be completed in order to give them value and avoid a loss of the work already expended on them. Beyond that, however, they are unwilling to go, and will insist that contracts and parts of contracts for the maintenance of the war, which have not yet been commenced, shall be halted and the money appropriated for them saved to the taxpayers.

Since the Pilgrim Fathers established the day, because of a bountiful harvest after a year of semi-starvation, there has never been a Thanksgiving day when the nation should enter more devoutely into the spirit of the occasion than this year. True there will be many vacant chairs throughout the country when the families gather for bountiful dinners, but the big fact remains **IT IS OVER**, and those hosts of young men, the flower of the country, are coming home. No one should be so thoughtless as to neglect to give thanks—there is not a single individual but has cause to be thankful. Smethport people in general should not forget one big cause that does not exist in surrounding towns, we have escaped the terrible ravages of influenza that has occasioned more of the empty chairs throughout the United States than the world war.

The Miner wishes to call its readers attention to the new serial story which starts soon, "The Light in the Clearing," by Irving Bacheller. The creator of "Eben Holden" has never written a better story in his strong, clean style of narrative than "The Light in the Clearing" and the MINER is pleased at this opportunity to present it to the readers. Old and young will follow the career of barefooted "Bart" with eagerness from the opening line to the finish. Jaded wanderers in the field of fiction will find old thrills returning at many stages of the story.

Col. Roosevelt, accompanied by his wife, will soon visit France for an inspection of the battlefields, upon one of which lies buried their son, Quentin. But for petty jealousy Col. Roosevelt would have been an active participant upon that historic ground. The American people, however, will remember the warrior spirit that prompted his patriotic offer when the puny politics that refused it are long forgotten. Here's hoping for his safe return.

The City of Cleveland has adopted a beautiful plan for honoring its soldier dead. For each name on the civic honor roll a "victory oak" is planted on one of the city boulevards. The tree bears the name of the man for whom it is planted. Other cities are going to adopt this plan.

American transports have already begun to move Yankee troops homeward. The first contingents which sailed from England are expected in this country by Thanksgiving day. It will probably be some time, however before they are mustered out of Uncle Sam's service, surely not until all pending disputes are settled.

Advice on how to run a newspaper is one of the easiest things to give and perhaps the hardest to take of any in the world. Each paper has its own peculiar problems and limitations. Perhaps you don't approve of the way it is run, but there must be a number of people who do or the paper would not be in business.

No use getting excited over the President's trip to France. This country will manage to worry along without him for a few months and the European powers will take excellent care of him, especially at the peace conference.

If there has been any criticism anywhere of the way Gen. Pershing has borne himself throughout and done his work we haven't seen it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

And so President Wilson is going against the precedent established when the nation was born and leave the country during his term of office. Can it be possible that Col. House has fallen down on the job?

Perhaps the administration that would not let General Wood go over will not let General Pershing come back.

FARMERS VALLEY

Death of Wesley Essenca, Former Resident, from Influenza.

Word has been received of the death of Wesley Essenca, form influenza at El Paso, Texas. Mr. Essenca's boyhood home was in the Valley, his father and family leaving here after the death of his mother about ten years ago. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mabel Ray of Johnston City, Tenn. and Mrs. Rachel Ferris of Buffalo; and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Headley Essenca of Coryville.

A son Bayne Wesley, was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Parker on November 23. All are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Roeder and son Mac were visiting Mrs. J. B. Roeder, on Thursday.

Mrs B. W. Richmond and son Joseph were Portville and Olean visitors over Sunday.

Miss Lois Stratton was a Coryville visitor on Saturday.

John Steinhauer returned with Wesley Roeder to Glean Hazel where he has work.

Earl Herzog is working on the Rail Road as fireman. Heading ashes at Bernell.

Mrs. George Herzog was in Smethport on Monday.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1918:

First, Final and Distribution Account of J. B. Kelly and O. L. Reed, Administrators of the Estate of Jane C. Kelly, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Willis B. Glass, Executor of the last Will and Testament of A. D. Van Norman deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Edna B. McKalip, Black, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of J. B. McKalip, deceased.

First, and Final Account of E. T. Smith, Guardian of Robert J. Purtle, late a minor child of George T. Purtle, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Addison D. Crisman, Guardian of Harrison Crisman, late a minor child of Martha Crisman, deceased.

First and Final Account of John Larson, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Carlson, deceased.

First and Final Account of Kane Trust & Savings Co., Administrator of the Estate of Sarah E. Mosher, deceased.

First and Final Accounts of Eva Richardson, Administratrix of the Estate of L. M. Richardson, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of W. P. Watson, Administrator of the Estate of Zenobia Watson, deceased.

First and Final Account of A. Wilson, Administrator of the Estate of A. O. Cary, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. E. Burdick, Administrator of the Estate of W. C. Nell, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Elvie DeGolier, Guardian of Ruby DeGolier, late a minor child of Samuel M. DeGolier, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Mary Desmond, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Geary, deceased.

First and Final Account of James Henretty, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Dominick McLaughlin, deceased.

First and Final Account of Walter H. Edson, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Neva T. Kingsley, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.
Smethport, Pa.
November 9, 1918.
adv 46w4

WANTED

At once 50 wood chopers—good timber, good pay, work near Bolivia. Inquire of C. M. Benson, Colegrove, Pa. pd-46w3.

Advertise in the MINER.

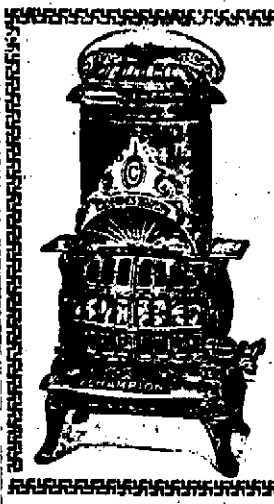
Subscribe for the MINER.

ASEPTICO

To Keep You Well

Most germ diseases such as colds, grippe, scarlet fever, measles, etc., are contracted through the nose, mouth and throat and are preventable. Aseptico, the household antiseptic, used regularly, keeps the membranes lining these cavities in healthy, normal condition, giving germs no chance to do harm. Aseptico will accomplish the same results on all mucous membranes. Wherever a personal antiseptic is needed, Aseptico is necessary. Aseptico is safe, reliable, non-poisonous, inexpensive. The price, 75 cents will be refunded if you do not like it. If you cannot locate our representative, send direct to Aseptico Laboratories, Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

MRS. R. T. LYLE,
107 Mechanic St.
Smethport, Pa.



THE CHAMPION WOOD, GAS OR COAL HEATER.

One of the most satisfactory heaters for sale on the market.

CHAS. W. MASSER,
Smethport —:— Penna.
Hardware.

LOOK! LOOK! WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER.

A high grade coffee for only 22 cents a pound. All grades of Teas and Syrups at reduced prices. A package of 20 Mule Borax Soap slips given away free, with all cash purchases this week.

Come in and let us tell you how to get a fine stand or a (Betsy Ross) sewing stand almost free by trading in cash at our store.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture; the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER



AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU
WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Bandages, Absorbent Cotton, Tape, Plasters, Disinfectant of all kinds. Stop and take a package home and be ready to administer first aid.

Bring your family prescriptions here where they will be promptly and carefully filled.

H. C. WELLS

SMETHPORT, PA.

Look This List Over

There are some things you want put aside for Christmas.

Salad and Sandwich Plates, Nickled serving Dishes ...	Safety Razors
Community Silverware	Toys
Coffee Percolators	Cut Glass
Aluminum Ware	Casseroles
Pyrex Glassware	Fancy China
Pocket Knives	FlashLights

A wide range of prices and a good stock to select from.

B. T. GARLICK,

THE CORNER HARDWARE.

SMETHPORT, — — PA.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, November 28.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

John Wiant has been confined to his home this week by illness.

Only four weeks to Christmas. Are you doing your shopping early?

Keep in mind the MINER'S war edition which will be issued as soon as the news-print paper situation changes toward more liberal supply.

Mrs. Burt Metzgar has entirely recovered from the attack of influenza she suffered at Bolivar and has returned to her home in this place.

Not many Smethport people will indulge in turkey to-day. The prices are so high that local dealers were not at all anxious to order large supplies.

The quarantine has been taken off W. S. Palmer's home. Mr. Palmer suffered from a light attack of diphtheria, but is now out again as well as ever.

"The Light in the Clearing" by Irvin Bacheller, is the title of a most interesting story that will soon commence in the MINER. It has all the charms of "Eben Holden."

Miss Dorothy Hogarth is teaching the third grade in the public schools at Johnsonburg. Her parents, Mr and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth of this place, will spend to-day at Johnsonburg.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the M. E. church, next Sabbath morn. Members and adherents of the church are cordially invited to this Service.

Sergeant John A. Fitzgibbon, assemblyman-elect, has arrived in Atlanta, Ga., from Panama, where he was stationed, according to word received by his mother, Mrs. John Fitzgibbon, of Boylston street, Bradford.

There are still said to be a number of cases of influenza in Norwich and vicinity though as far as we can learn the disease seems to be abating in severity as well as in the number of people stricken.

Mrs. Goore A. Denning of North street, who was seriously ill the first part of the week, is reported better to-day. Mrs. Denning has been in poor health for a long time and her condition does not improve as rapidly as her friends could wish.

A large check artist gathered $ 165 in one hour at Buffalo Monday. He covered his tracks so cleverly that he has not yet been apprehended. It is probable he was the same fellow who played the game at Ridgway about ten days ago.—Kane Republican.

Reports regarding the condition of George Irons of Keating Township who is in the Woman's hospital at Buffalo undergoing medical treatment, were most favorable Monday night, which is welcome news to his many friends.

There have been 32 deaths of influenza and pneumonia in Ridgway and two just outside the borough limits, making a total of 34 in all. Of this number ten were Americans and the remainder were foreigners. This is not considered a large number.

Dr. William J. Cook, a well known physicial formerly of Mt. Alton, died at Long Beach, California a few weeks ago as a result of influenza. He practically gave his life fighting the epidemic in that place. Dr. Cook who is survived by his wife, was about 49 years old. He left Mt. Alton in 1905 after practicing medicine there about four years.

The Red Cross report published in this paper last week conveys a pretty fair idea of the remarkable amount of work accomplished by Smethport chapter. The officers and workers can well feel proud of that record.

On page 2 of to-days issue will be found the names of all the school teachers and school directors who are expected to attend the institute and directors' meeting at the court house in Smethport next week.

A false alarm of fire called out the department Monday afternoon. A quantity of smoke arising from the roof of the Grand Central block was the cause, but the firemen were unable to find any fire. It is thought that a wood stove somewhere in the block was responsible for the smoke.

R. E. Burdick received a letter from his son, Hamlin Burdick, who is attending officers training school at Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, Ga., informing him that the camp was being demobilized and that he expects to return home soon. Various other reports tell of different soldier boys who are expected home within the next few days.

The first 200 men were mustered out of Camp Dix, Sunday, and given transportation to their homes. Mustering out officers said that probably 2,000 would be on their way home by Saturday night, and that thereafter the mustering out would proceed at the rate of 500 to 1,000 a day. Orders are in hand for the release of approximately 12,000 from this camp.

The Bradford Club which several months ago purchased the National Transit building on Main street in that city has received permission from the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense to start work on remodeling and enlarging the building to meet of New York has drawn up the plans for changes and the contract for the work has been awarded E. N. Finch of Bradford.

A civil service examination will be held in Smethport, Saturday, December 14, 1918, for the position of clerk-carrier in the post office service in Smethport. Applicants, male and females, must have reached their 18th but not their 45th birthday. No married woman except that her husband is in the military or naval service of the United States is eligible to this position. The salary ranges from $1,000 per year upward according to promotions. Application blanks may be secured at the Smethport postoffice. All letters written October 12

Lieutenant J. Basil Dolphin, Kane native of the 153d Pioneer infantry, stated that he expects to be discharged in a few days from the hospital. He reported he was receiving the best of care and was recovering from amputation of right arm above the wrist made necessary by shell wound received in the Argonne forest while directing transport. Kane friends are hopeful that Lieutenant Dolphin, a member of the McKean county bar, will soon be returned home.—Kane Republican.

Dastardly assault was attempted Sunday night by two negros on Mrs. Ivadell Zwald, telegraph operator at a tower, one-half mile from Emporium. The young woman was knocked down gagged and dragged down an embankment, but the negroes fearing they had killed her ran away before a more serious crime was committed. Mrs. Zwald summoned help and railroad policeman A. L. Ives formerly of this place rounded up five negroes, two of whom are almost certainly the perpetrators of the crime. Mrs. Zwald is the wife of a soldier and as soon as she recovers from the shock will endeavor to identify the men.

DAZED BY HUN ATROCITIES

Emotional Faculties of Afflicted Belgians Probably Paralyzed by the Horrors They Had Witnessed.

Mr. Brand Whitlock, former American minister to Belgium, has been talking about the horror of Louvain in the London Daily Telegraph:

"I was struck by the lack of passion displayed by all those who had so terribly suffered. I seldom heard any of them express hatred of the Germans or any desire for revenge.

"None of them, as far as I could learn or observe, even acted in the tragic manner. There were no heroics and no histrionics; they did not even demean themselves as do people in the cinema or the romantic novels.

"In moments of great danger, or great strain and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not act in the theatrical sense of the word."

To say that a play could be acted without gesture or other expression of what we feel is absurd. Nor would, I think, history support Mr. Brand Whitlock's inference, whatever may have been the story of unhappy Belgium.

When Mme. du Barry died upon the scaffold in Paris, her shrieks delighted the knitting women. The Due de Guise ran wildly from his assassins to throw himself at the feet of Henry of France. Pitt wept for his country's misfortunes—the family of the ill-fated Louis XVI did not cease their lamentations all night when they heard that he was to be guillotined at dawn.

The choler of Judge Jeffreys found expression in the ravings and rantings of a madman. Boabdil wept when he was driven from Granada. Henry VIII could swear like a fishwife—Catherine Howard shrieked at Hampton court, and the superstitious hear her shrieks to this day.

In my view, the unhappy Belgians were dazed by the very horror of the circumstances. The atrocities committed by the Hun were too awful. Shall we wonder if the emotional faculties were paralyzed?—London Dispatch.

UNITED THOUGH FAR APART

Ceremony Known as "Handschoen" Recognized Under the Dutch Law as Legal Form of Marriage.

Not so very long ago a Boer in Pretoria was married to a girl in Amsterdam, Holland, the ceremony constituting what the Dutch call handschoen, or glove marriage.

In spite of the fact that a distance of 6,000 miles lay between the bride in the Netherlands and the bridegroom in the Transvaal they were just as effectively married under the Dutch law as if both had been present in the same church.

The bridegroom sent to his friend, or best man, in Amsterdam a power of attorney to represent him as his proxy at the ceremony, and at the same time forwarded his glove, which at the proper moment, when the two were made one, was held by both the bride and the proxy. The wedding was duly registered at Amsterdam and at Pretoria, where the bridegroom filed an affidavit with the proper magistrate.

This curious form of marriage is a purely Dutch institution, the custom having originated, it is said, in the old times of Dutch-Batavian rule. It is, however, a dead letter in the Transvaal since the English took over that colony.

Thirsty? Use Belt to Get Drink.

When Oliver Herford comes to a babbling brook and wants a drink, he does not throw himself prone on the mud and try to get water on the vacuum-cleaner principle adopted by the cow, nor does he use his Panama on the Gungha Dhin principle. He might use a straw or a drinking cup if he could ever remember to carry them with him. A hundred things he might do, if he could think of them.

But what really happens? Oliver takes off his belt and winds it up as tightly as he can. The coils are wrapped around one another so that a cone is built up. That forms a cup with a hole in the bottom. Oliver uses a finger as a stopper for the hole, and proceeds to dip up his drink in the fashion set long ago by the first civilized man.—Popular Science Monthly.

Month of Harvest Moon.

Aside from the autumnal equinox, September each year is marked by another astronomical event of considerable interest, namely, the so-called harvest moon, it being the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox. The harvest moon rises at nearly the same time for several successive evenings instead of nearly an hour later from night to night, as is usually the case, and it is from this continuous run of bright moonlight nights that this moon is said to derive its name, farmers as a rule taking advantage of the extra light to gather in their late summer crops and store them away for the winter.

Illustrates Red Cross Needs.

Twenty thousand dozen pillow cases, 11,000 dozen pairs of bed socks and 19,000 dozen face towels, just reported as being on hand at one American Red Cross supply house in France, gives an idea of the size of the stocks maintained by the organization.

Thoughtful Uncle.

"I write for the few," declared the amateur poet.

"And a good idea, too, declared his practical uncle; "the fewer the better."—Kansas City Journal.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss L. H. Baker was a Bradford business visitor Friday.

Mrs. Claude Shattuck was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Hon. J. W. Bouton was a business visitor in Bradford Saturday.

T. F. Mullin of Eldred was transacting business in Smethport Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Breneman of Smethport were Kane visitors Saturday, says the Republican.

Representative elect Chas. W. Catlin, of Port Allegany was transacting business in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben W. Bailey of Boston, Mass., will arrive to-day for a visit with Mr. Bailey's sister, Mrs. Ross K. Knapp.

Lieutenant Edwin Kohn who had been spending a short furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kohn left Saturday morning for San Antonio Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cather of Cincinnati, Ohio, arrived in town Monday and will be guests of Mrs. Cather's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells for a month.

Chas. B. Dickinson, daughter Mrs. Carrie Marks and Dickinson Marks of Concord, Mass., arrived in town last Thursday evening for a visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford and son Sergeant John K. Thamm of the Bucknell college students training corps, were in town Saturday for a short visit with Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Kohn left today for Sheffield, Pa., where they will spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Kohn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Simpkins.

SALE AND SUPPER.

St. Christopher's Guild will hold their annual sale of fancy work and supper at St. Luke's Parish House Wednesday December 4th, 1918. adv47w2t

Advertise in the MINER.

FOR SALE.

Loging and Camp Equipment.

Two teams and single horse, heavy wagons, saws, chains, grabbs, axes, etc.

Camp 16 x 36 ft., built of dressed and matched basswood and rough hemlock lumber. Fully equipped for 16 men.

See

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Seven miles from Cuba, N. Y. Phone 75F13. Cuba exchange.

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Why Don't You Get That Royal Tailored Look?

We offer Royal Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at

$25, $28.50, $31, $35, $40, $45 and $50

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New Collars for Women 25c to $1.00. Khaki Yarn. $1.15.

THE FRY COMPANY

Smethport, Pa.

AMERICAS BIGGEST THANKSGIVING DAY BECKONS AMERICANS BEST CHRISTMAS DAY. IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

The greatest menace that ever threatened civilization has been beaten back and reduced to impotence.—Let us observe our President's Proclamation with grateful heart and humble spirits—and if possible put more cheer than ever before into the approaching Christmas celebration.

This store is ready with the material aids for the festive occasions—Fine linens for the table—Dress accessories from Coats, Suits, and Furs down to the smaller things so requisite such as gloves, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, corsets; etc for women.

Arrow shirts and collars, neckwear, gloves, hosiery, underwear, etc., for men.

Toys, Games, Books, and Christmas Novelties For all ages.

Special Petticoats $2.75 to $3.00.

Just received, colored skirts with changeable silk and striped taffeta silk flouncing. All sizes.

SPECIAL SHIRTS.

An Arrow silk shirt would surely please him Good selection to choose from, fine quality and handsome patterns. Special $4.75 to $5.00.

SPECIAL—MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Heavy fleeced shirts and drawers, $1.00 each.
Fleeced lined Union suits $2.25.
Men's wool shirts and drawers $2.25 each.

STORE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING

Liberty loving America pauses in this war wasted world for a day, to observe the custom inaugurated by our Pilgrim forefathers. It warmly can welcome the promise of peace, because that shall mean right rather than might, kindliness rather than kultur, brotherhood rather than barbarism, democracy rather than autocracy, humanity rather than brutality.

Truly all of us are thankful that a better order of things shall be left a heritage to following generations, and are sincere in that thanks for the opportunity each has been given, to make his personal sacrifice on the high altar of civilization. Inspired by such thoughts, America pledges its power for a permanent peace on this feast day of freedom.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

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THE MINER 3 MONTHS 50 CENTS

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN



"You know what this means, Wallace?" asked the Colonel in a kindly, serious tone.

"New plans."

"Yes, bad to you?"

"I guess so, Colonel Howard. And I'd like to hurry it through. Of course I shall want it over. I'll go home now, and—"

"Stop!" Colonel Howard's challenge had a triumphal ring to it. He placed his hands on Mark's shoulders and swung him round, looking straight into his eyes. "Thank God for that, Mark!" he cried. "I'll fight the Brigadier over you and I'll fight him to the end of time. I told him it was a damned lie. I'll swear to it."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That you are a frequenter of gambling houses, Wallace. That's the story that they have been putting over on him. You know what I mean by 'they.' Washington's seething with that sort of thing, and that story—well, they managed to start that in circulation and saw that it reached the Brigadier's ears. He heard that you were in a fight outside Mrs. Kenson's place in the small hours this morning. Mark, I'll see you through this."

Impulsively the kindly old man started toward the door. He had almost reached it when Wallace found his tongue.

"Stop!"

The colonel halted, one hand still outstretched toward the door. "Eh, my boy?" he asked.

"One moment, sir! I cannot let you go to the Brigadier. I have never been inside a gambling house in my life, but I was outside Mrs. Kenson's place last night."

A sudden feebleness seemed to come over the Colonel.

"Tell me about it, Wallace. Tell me why you went there. You know her, then? Don't you know that she's—"

"I know nothing about her, sir. I merely ask you not to go to the Brigadier. I shall proceed to my quarters."

"You understand there will be a court-martial?"

"Naturally, sir."

"The war department hasn't much superfluous time on its hands to wash its dirty linen. We want to get ahead. We want to forget this. I think if you will send in your resignation—"

"You shall have it tonight, sir."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark rushed to the street and found himself face to face with Eleanor.

She was coming out of a store, and going, evidently, toward the cab which was waiting against the street curb. They almost ran into each other.

Mark lifted his hat mechanically, and thought she was about to pass him; suddenly she took him by the arm, and looked at him earnestly, extreme concern upon her face.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mark?" she asked. "You're ill—you're looking frightfully ill."

"Well, it's a pretty hot day," said Mark.

"Yes, but you can stand heat, Uncle Mark. You don't look fit to be around. How long have you been ill, and have you been working all the time, and why didn't you send for me?"

"I'm not ill, Eleanor," said Mark, trying to smile.

"Then why haven't you been to see us? Have you forgotten our talk that night? What's the reason? Tell me."

"Your father keeps our house to th... Eleanor." ...

"...n't true, and please ... I were ... get into ... take ..."

... come to us."

"Well, Eleanor, the truth is," said Mark, "the work at the office has just about taken it all out of me. And then, in my position, of course there are visits that I must pay."

"Of course," said Eleanor ironically. "Go on, Uncle Mark. I shall see through you presently."

"But I have been meaning to visit you soon. Only, you know, I am not in any sense your guardian now, and so, Eleanor, if you want me to be frank, it is a little unreasonable of you to put forward my duties in that respect when I have no compensations."

She started. "You mean that you didn't want to come?" she asked.

"I did want to. But I have so many duties—"

"Thank you. That's quite enough, Captain Wallace. My conduct in intruding on such a busy man has been quite inexcusable. Good day, Captain Wallace!"

She made a mocking little bow and went toward her cab. She stopped and looked back. The brief anger was ended. But Mark was already free from that intolerable interview and stumbling homeward.

He let himself in, wrote out his resignation and mailed it.

As he paced his room, pondering over the situation, it seemed to him that the key to the mystery lay with Hartley. Even yet he had not allowed himself to believe Kellerman a traitor. But it was essential that he should find Hartley, and insist upon a confession, both of his motives in watching the Colonel's house, and of those that had brought him to the war department.

Suddenly the telephone interrupted his meditations. A woman's voice at the other end was asking for him.

"Are you quite sure you are Captain Mark Wallace?" it inquired, when he had stated his identity.

"I am as sure as I have ever been," answered Mark.

"Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of laughter. "And you don't know who I am?"

"If you will state your name—" began Mark patiently.

"Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we met before. Well, I am Ada Kenson."

Mark uttered an angry exclamation, which he instantly checked. This might prove the key that he was seeking.

"Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but me."

It had been in Mark's mind to look for Hartley in that neighborhood.

"What do you say, Captain Wallace? I can help you very much indeed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know a good deal of what is happening behind the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "I'll come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the receiver.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed him into a well-furnished little parlor.

"Sit down, Captain Wallace," she said, indicating a chair.

"You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. Kenson. "Well, I happen to know quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the time you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things."

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something ... He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words.

"Your ... stay in the West, Captain Wallace, was not wholly that routine of the military service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child."

... Mrs. Kenson. "I ... the war ... It was a great ... working to reconcile the nations and to develop the world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not telling you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representatives—principally the Western ones, Captain."

The frankness and audacity of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was one center of 'they,' as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of Teutonic spies ... in America.

"We are ... hardest to prevent America ... dragged into this maelstrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were the fortunate chance to be working on the other side. And I'm sorry that a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. You walked right into it. Major Kellerman, who is a very good friend of mine, acted in complete good faith.



"I Represent the International Peace Committee."

Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that ... fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's friends. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So—you had to go west.

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I—don't quite understand," he said huskily; and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance swam before his eyes. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Use your influence and your knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"You ask me to become a German spy?"

"Don't be absurd, my dear captain! Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"That's what it amounts to."

"A little advance on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself. "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!"

He strode indignantly toward the door.

The electric light in the ... had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the door.

Suddenly a vivid light flashed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He flung out his hands and grappled with a man. In the uplifted hand he felt a heavy stick with a knobbed handle.

He believed his assailant to be Kellerman, and half unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. For a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other got his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into blackness.

CHAPTER IX.

"Captain Wallace! Get up! Can you stand? Come with ...!"

Mark opened his eyes and groaned. ... he knew the voice for ...

"... am I?" he ... trying ... and shaking ...

"In the Kenson house. ... quick! ... Listen!"

... there was the ... murmur of voices, above which ... of a crisp command ... Then ... fell heavily against the door of the house ... it.

Again the cries broke out.

"Try again!" muttered Hartley in desperation. "There's a door into the empty house next door, through the cellar. The police don't know of it. You must get away. You must get away!"

Mark tried again, and this time managed to rise.

Hartley caught Mark by the arm and guided his unsteady footsteps to the door. They gained the passage, and Hartley guided Mark toward the head of the basement steps, which they reached just as the front door fell in under the hatchets of the raiders.

They scuttled down the stairs as the hall became filled with the shouting policemen.

Before the first of the raiders set his foot upon the stone stairs Hartley had found a door in the darkness, opened it, and pushed Mark through, following immediately. He shut the door softly behind him. They were in the basement of the adjoining house.

"We're safe now," said Hartley in a whisper. "You'd better rest, Captain Wallace."

"You're Hartley," muttered Mark, sitting down and trying in vain to discern something of the other's face through the gloom. "What happened, and how did you come on the scene?"

"Good God forgive me!" moaned Hartley, suddenly breaking into hysterical sobbing as on the former night. "I've ruined you, Captain Wallace. What else could I do?"

"So you were in that plot, eh?" asked Mark, wondering that he felt so little anger. "Well, it was clear enough, but it doesn't matter now."

"It matters everything," answered Hartley in a vehement whisper. "They tricked me into it. I didn't know what their scheme was when I agreed to get you out of the room. But I found out later. And I had suspected. God, Captain Wallace, to think I found that door!"

"Never mind," said Mark soothingly, listening to the stamping of the raiders in the next house overhead. "What more do you know?"

"I knew that they wouldn't be satisfied with that, sir. They—"

"One moment. Who is 'they,' Hartley?"

"They," repeated Hartley vindictively. "Those devils that ... They mean to ... their dirty work one way or another. They meant to buy you, after ruining you, and fashion you to their dirty work. If they couldn't do that they ..."

"Murder me?"

"No, sir. Discredit you so that nothing you could say would be listened to. That's what they meant to do. It was I who was able to give the tip to the police that there was gambling here. They thought the place was closed—and it was. But they wanted the police to find you here, and arrest you, so that the story might get into the newspapers, and finish you—finish you with the war department, and with Miss Howard."

"And what did you expect to get out of it, Hartley?" asked Mark.

He heard the man catch at his breath.

"She wasn't your wife, Hartley?"

"No, Captain Wallace, no!"

"But she has a hold on you strong enough to compel you to do such work as she requires. And yet you have tried to save me dishonor—if any more could come to me."

"You saved me, Captain Wallace!"

Mark made a sound of incredulity.

"And I have been a gentleman. You don't know how a man falls, Captain Wallace."

"Hartley, you haven't answered my question. Now, here's another. Why were you watching Colonel Howard's house the other night?"

"You know that?"

"I followed you here. Tell me the whole truth about this business, and I'll stand by you to the end."

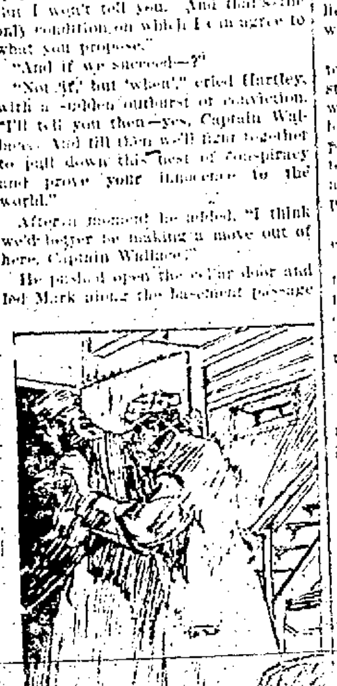
"I'll trust you to the limit—but I won't tell you, Captain Wallace. Some day, perhaps, but not now. I'll stand by you, and I'll fight at your side, sir. But I won't tell you. And that's the only condition on which I can agree to what you propose."

"And if we succeed—?"

"Not 'if,' but 'when'," cried Hartley, with a sudden outburst of conviction. "I'll tell you then—yes, Captain Wallace. And till then we'll fight together here to pull down this nest of conspiracy and prove your innocence to the world."

After a moment he added, "I think we'd better be making a move out of here, Captain Wallace."

He pushed open the cellar door and led Mark along the basement passage



Led Mark Along the Basement Passage.

until a gleam of moonlight appeared in front of them. They emerged into a little garden, a replica of the one next door. There was no policeman on guard. In a moment they were in the street and in safety.

Mark, who had already recovered from the effects of his blow, save for a splitting headache, took a car with Hartley, and half an hour later the two were again in Mark's rooms.

"So you were packing?" asked Hartley, looking about him. "What were you going to do?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "It's queer, being broken like this—I've nothing, no prospects, only a little money. I have to earn a living."

"I'll ... the army," said Hartley. "You'd be a sergeant in no time; you'd run through the ranks in about a couple of years. And then you've won. You've conquered fortune. And you're in a position to do a little quiet work ... to straighten out your ... and ... the Kenson gang. And then I'll help you ... when the time comes I'll tell what I know. At present I can't. I'm waiting."

He ... face ... expectant, and his face was ... with anguish. The man seemed ... the stress of some overpowering emotion.

"You ... your own part in this affair, Hartley?"

... Hartley's ... warmly.

"You're right, Hartley," he said ... "I'm going to ... my name ... whole crooked business right!"

CHAPTER X.

"...! Hey, there!"

... Report to the matron with Hartley!"

Mark nodded and departed at a run toward the door of the base hospital at which the matron, fidgeting impatiently, was awaiting the assembling of the orderlies.

It was war, and the echoes of the far distant guns were all about them daily, though war had never passed that way.

Under the name of Weston, Mark had enlisted in the medical branch of the service. It was a lowly branch, despised by those who knew nothing of its activities. But the choice had been between that and nothing, for the first fighting contingents to be sent overseas embraced only the regulars, not those of the draft. Mark had enlisted rather than wait, especially since he knew that Colonel Howard, with Kellerman and his staff, were already in France.

And somewhere within a few square miles was the base of the American activities, the headquarters from which the mobilization in France was being directed.

"Hurry up to the surgical ward!" said the matron as Mark reached her. "And you, too, Hartley," she added.

The two men scrambled up the stairs. At the opposite end of the building, an old converted chateau, the convoy had halted. Other orderlies were carrying out the stretchers with their living, mangled burdens.

A group of the newly arrived doctors and nurses was coming up the stairs. They were all ready for their work. Mark no longer saw anything but the wounded men. Dripping with perspiration, he hurried from the ward to the pack store and back, innumerable times, struggling under great piles of towels and bedding.

"Must have been a stiff fight," panted Hartley, as they passed each other.

Mark responded with a movement of the head. It must have been a fight to have brought all these serious cases down to the base hospital.

"Weston, you're to go into the operating room!"

The nurse who addressed him spoke as to a servant.

"Yes, Sister," he answered, and braced his shoulders and hurried to obey.

The patient, already etherized, had been brought in. Mark, watching the patient narrowly as the surgeon probed the wound, knew nothing but his task until the surgeon nudged him familiarly in the side while one of the nurses was sponging his forehead.

"I know your face, orderly," he said. "Where was it?"

Mark started and looked into the ... gray eyes of one of the army ... from an Arizona town, when he had ... of the mess.

"I think you're ... mistaken, sir," he answered quietly.

The surgeon searched his face, and, like a decent man, admitted his error.

"Another poor devil ... something," he thought, as he turned to his work.

There were three more operations following, and Mark sighed with relief as the last man was carried away. He took a scrubbing brush and bar of soap and kneeled down to clean the floor, while his fellow attendant scoured the splashed table and carried away the towels.

Mark was conscious that the nurse still lingered, and he went on with his scrubbing. Somehow he did not want to meet her eyes.

She came toward him and stood near him, by the table. Something splashed down to the floor—then something else. Mark raised his head. They were tears, and others followed them down the nursing sister's face. The girl was Eleanor.

She put out her hands blindly. "Oh, Captain Mark!" she whispered.

Mark felt himself beginning to shake; fate seemed to have played a wretched trick on him just then.

"Why, Captain Mark! Why—why did you do this?" asked Eleanor.

"Hey, Weston!" called his fellow orderly from the door of the sterilizing



The Surgeon Searched His Face.

... with the ...

"... ?" asked Mark.

"I heard it, Captain Mark. Won't you tell me what it means, what it all means?"

"What it all means?" he repeated vaguely, wondering at the concern on her face.

"Why you disappeared as you did from Washington. I knew that you had applied for leave of absence, because you had overworked in the hot weather. But you — never came back." Her voice broke into a sob. "The Colonel didn't think it strange. He wouldn't admit that there was any reason, except that you must have gone back to your regiment. Did you and he quarrel, Captain Mark? It's unthinkable. I could learn nothing about you, but Major Kellerman had said you were tired of the work and might have got some appointment out of the service. Their tales were conflicting. And you weren't on the army list any more. Won't you tell me, just because you know—because—"

Mark could hardly restrain his feeling.

"I'll tell you," said Mark, raising his eyes. "I was accused of treachery, of betraying secrets to enemies of my country—"

Eleanor laughed in a little, mirthless way. "You're still the same, Uncle Mark," she whispered. "Did you think I would believe that?"

"It was not true," cried Mark, fretful and desperate. "But it was found that I frequented gambling houses—"

"You are so fond of money, Uncle Mark?"

"I wanted money. You were rich, and I wanted your esteem. I wanted to move in your circles, to win your favor, as others could—"

She gasped and grew red; he saw that his arrow had gone home, and went on pitilessly.

"When I was at your reception you had smiles for everyone."

"That's enough, Captain Wallace," she said, with an indrawn breath. "You insulted me the last time we met, you know, or probably have forgotten. I—I see that all my thoughts of you were wrong. I was always a burden. And when you didn't write, so many years, and when you didn't come to see me, I thought—oh, I'll tell you now, since you have humiliated me as deeply as it is possible to humiliate a woman. I thought you stayed away and kept away because you liked me, and because you were afraid that I might come to care for you, and ruin my prospects among the rich young officers. I thought it was a sort of absurd, misplaced, quixotic chivalry, Captain Wallace."

Wallace was choking. So she had known!

But ... Captain Mark!"

... will, smiled at him.

"So I see you got here, Sister Howard," said Kellerman, with a forced laugh.

"Just in time," answered the girl. "Have you come to order us all up to the trenches?"

"Some of you, but not the ladies. No, I'm attending the General on his tour of inspection of the lines."

The talk grew indistinct as they drifted away. Mark, staring after them in a stupor, saw Kellerman nod toward him, and fancied that the girl made a gesture of pleading.

Neither had noticed him. He reflected savagely that already Eleanor was coming to take his status for granted, as the other sisters did.

CHAPTER XI.

By evening the rush of work had died down, and the orderlies, save those on duty, were given the customary leave.

Leave meant Etaples, with its comfortable little inn, the chatty landlady and her pretty daughter.

Mark strode toward Etaples. He had an intense longing for the lights and comfort of the little inn. But he had not gone more than a hundred paces when Hartley hailed him.

"Going into Etaples?" he asked. "Do you mind my going with you?"

"Frankly, yes, Hartley," answered Mark. "You won't mind my saying so? I want to be alone after—"

"I know, old man," said Hartley, drawing back. "Sorry if I bothered you."

But Mark swung round on him. "Hartley, answer me one question," he said. "What has Miss Howard ever had to do with you? Why have you been [illegible] for six or seven years?"

[illegible]

"You know everything was prepared for years before the war began. The system [illegible] in every department of the government. [illegible] Col[illegible] as [illegible] the Cuban war?"

"Good Lord, yes, but—"

"And a man is only a pawn in such a game. Good God, don't question me, Mark! I've been a tool of hers, but I'll swear that I never worked against the government. I learned little by little of the whole accursed nest of spies. I obeyed their orders because—well, I can't tell you now—but I worked against them too. I've done them more harm than good. I had my motives—selfish ones, desirable, perhaps, but I was never a traitor. Good God, Mark, haven't you seen how [illegible] has begun to [illegible]?"

Mark took Hartley's hand and gripped it. It was the best and the only possible answer. [illegible] they went on toward the inn together.

Outside the inn they saw an auto with a soldier chauffeur in [illegible]. Hartley gripped Mark's arm.

"Do you know whose that is?" he whispered. "Kellerman's!"

The landlady came to the door. "Bonsoir, messieurs," she said smiling. "This way tonight, if you please."

She led them round by the side into the kitchen, where they found half a dozen privates drinking light wine and teasing the landlady's daughter as she served them.

There was nothing in this to the men; they were often turned out of the dining room-parlor when officers put in an appearance. But—this was Kellerman! Mark looked at Hartley and saw intense excitement on his face, which he was trying most evidently to restrain.

He ordered beer of Annette, and followed her toward the outhouse in which the liquor was stored. The girl was a friend of his, perhaps because, more serious than the rest, he treated her with less badinage than was customary among the soldiers. As she moved out of the lighted room into the shadows outside the merriment fell like a mask from her face.

"What is it, Annette?" asked Mark.

"Ah, monsieur, it is tragic!" said the girl, pausing at the outhouse door. "She is one of my countrywomen. The [illegible] of the south, or some other land [illegible] she is French, that [illegible] and him, [illegible]"

"[illegible], Annette?"

"The lady with the American [illegible] Listen, monsieur! Listen, [illegible]!"

They were standing in front of the outhouse, which was set near an angle of the old-fashioned building between the parlor and the kitchen. They could hear the imploring voice of the woman, and the subdued answers of Kellerman.

Then, elusive against the dark angle of the building, Mark perceived Hartley. He was standing under the high sill of the window, in such a way that Mark thought he could see through the chink between the sill and the lower [illegible]

[illegible] Mark hardly noticed her departure. He was watching Hartley.

Suddenly the door opened and the woman came down the steps that led into the little vineyard behind the inn. She raised her heavy veil to dab a handkerchief at her eyes, and at that [illegible] Mark recognized Mrs. Kenson.

He [illegible] to the ground in astonishment. But it was more than that: he felt suddenly trapped, as if the woman's presence there was vitally connected with his own problems, as if he were the victim of some far-reaching scheme with which he could not grapple.

A minute later Kellerman appeared and stood upon the step above her, looking into her upturned face with his habitual sneer.

"It is all over then?" asked Mrs. Kenson.

"Since you compel me to be frank—yes," answered Kellerman. "It has been over for years, Ada. To think that you should have put us all in this danger! You haven't told me how you got here, or how you sent me that message."

"How I got here? Does that matter? Well, I came up in a peasant woman's dress, as one of the repatriated. I sent you the message through a boy, who knows nothing—his wits were thrashed out of him by the Germans. He left the note—he won't trouble you. And I suppose now I'm to go back."

Suddenly she broke into a shrill invective. "I'm to go back, after the thousands of miles that I came, because you are the only man in the world who has ever meant anything to me! I gave my life to you. How many years have you played with me? Answer me! And now you fling me from you as if I were nothing, because of—oh, do you suppose I haven't heard of you and Miss Howard? I'll kill her [illegible] that! But take care! I can be dangerous when I am aroused, and I see [illegible] too clearly now, if never before."

[illegible] Kellerman's [illegible] drawn [illegible]

"[illegible] Ada [illegible] You will [illegible] There's no [illegible] Now I'm going to do the coldest thing I ever did. I'm going to take you back behind the lines in my auto. By a miracle of good luck I have the password for the night, [illegible] And we'll talk over matters on the drive back!"

"Come, Ada!" said Kellerman; and then he turned sharply and confronted Mark.

For an instant he stood as if transfixed; then, with an oath, he leaped at



Sent Him Reeling Backward.

him and struck him a blow in the face that sent him reeling backward.

Ada Kenson turned and ran toward Mark with a scream. She did not recognize him. Mark could see that.

The discipline of a lifetime held Mark steady. He stood confronting Kellerman, but did not raise a hand even to guard himself. Kellerman glared at him in speechless fury. And even then it seemed a little singular to Mark that Hartley disappeared, so swiftly [illegible] that [illegible] the woman knew [illegible]

Then Kellerman burst into [illegible] laughter.

"It's the spy from the [illegible] quarters!" he cried. "The fellow was pitched out of the army for treachery, masquerading here in uniform. A blank wall and a firing squad for you tomorrow, my man!"

Ada Kenson sprang between them. "He doesn't mean that!" she cried, peering into Mark's face dubiously. She recognized Mark now, but Mark could see that the recognition meant little to her; probably he had been only a trivial incident in her career. "Listen to me!" she whispered in Mark's ear. "He has been drinking. It will be all right. Just go back and keep this to yourself. You'll [illegible] don't say anything. [illegible]"

Mark turned away in disgust. [illegible] imagined the warped mind [illegible] of this hope of secrecy.

He went back into the kitchen. The soldiers were still there, [illegible] hailed him; the incident had [illegible] only ten minutes. Annette [illegible] a little mouth at him from the doorway. But Mark was searching in the room for Hartley.

"Your friend went home, I think, monsieur le soldat," said Annette in haste.

Mark strode out of the [illegible] without a word. Hartley's disappearance did not disturb him. Hartley was strange; but he felt that he had relied too much on Hartley. It was for him to act. He would go to the Major in charge of the hospital, tell his story, and do the only thing possible. He had no doubt any longer that Kellerman and the Kenson woman were partners in a far-reaching conspiracy against his country, though he had never before allowed himself to accept the obvious deductions from the Washington episode. His mind moved slowly. His purpose had been to redeem himself, he had thought Hartley obsessed; now he meant to reveal everything.

And suddenly, out of the mists of years he recalled Colonel Howard's story at Hampton. Kellerman had been the chief agent in Hampton's [illegible] Suppose Hampton had been innocent? Suppose that Eleanor's father had been a brave and loyal man whose hideous ruin and lonely death might be posthumously vindicated?

The blood rushed to his head at the thought of it. The burden of the knowledge of her father's shame, and of its probable effect on her if ever she learned had weighed heavily upon Mark's heart since that night in the tent in Cuba.

Then the blood receded, leaving him as cold as a stone. For he recalled Ada Kenson's words to Kellerman. So the [illegible] was hard upon the quarry—perhaps he had already snared her. Eleanor had liked Kellerman. He [illegible] his thoughts, strode [illegible] to barracks and turned in.

CHAPTER XII.

[illegible]

"[illegible] leave these letters, Weston," [illegible] said with a grin. "You won't need to polish 'em where you're going. The sergeant major wants you at once."

Mark hurried to the office, to find the sergeant major in company with one or two [illegible] captains; then [illegible]

[illegible] You and Hartley are [illegible] to the front."

[illegible]

"You were specially asked for from headquarters," he said, "with another [illegible] but I'm sending Hartley because he's your friend. They want two more men for the stretcher bearers' company. We'll be sorry to lose you, Weston."

Mark saluted and went out just as Hartley appeared at the door. The sergeant major enlightened Hartley briefly.

"You must have some pull at headquarters, Weston," he said. "Do you know Major Kellerman?"

"A little, sir," answered Mark grimly.

"Well, he seems to know all about you, and he told the O. C. over the telephone that he must have you. He'll be your O. C. now for a while, so things ought to run smoothly for you."

"He's not a doctor, sir."

"No, but the stretcher bearers aren't a medical corps; they're attached to the [illegible]."

Mark hurried away. In the barrack room, at breakfast, the two were the subject of mingled jests and congratulations. The stretcher bearers, forming, as it were, the last supports of the infantry, shared with them the great proportion of casualties. Kellerman's scheme was perfectly clear to Mark.

He was in a wretched state of mind when the car steamed into the depot at the end of the narrow-gauge line. [illegible] city of the supply and transportation department.

A sergeant and corporal, with nine or ten men of the stretcher bearers' company, were waiting for the two. The little troop was returning to the trenches after five days of relief at a rest camp.

"You're the two men from the base hospital?" asked the sergeant. "All right! Fall in. Right turn! Quick march!"

They moved away down a slope and began to pick their way along the beginning of a maze of trenches.

The roar of guns, which had never ceased by night or day, and had long ceased to be noticeable, was louder now.

Suddenly the sergeant stopped.

[illegible]

[illegible] that Hartley was following, turned round, to find that he was the last of the party. Hartley was nowhere to be seen.

The sergeant ran back a few paces, to return breathless and red in the face. "He's gone, the silly fool!" he spluttered. "Must have taken the wrong turn at the bend. Go back and get him!"

But Hartley was not at the bend. [illegible] They scrambled up the bank and scanned the level road. There was no pedestrian in sight.

"He's taken the wrong turn somewhere," insisted the sergeant. "Come along with me! We've got to find him!"

They began doubling back, shouting, until they reached the end of the trench system. Still Hartley could not be found.

"If he ain't on hand I'll be broke," the sergeant grumbled. "And I'll break his head for him. You medical corps chaps are like a bunch of babies. Ought to have a nurse and baby carriage for each of you."

Reluctantly he abandoned the search

to return blow for blow and to do justice to Kellerman, whose story left him doubtful and wondering.

"Will you accept my frank apology?" asked Kellerman, extending his hand.

Mark took it. "I will, Major Kellerman," he answered.

And he made his way to the door of the dugout, with a feeling of warmth in his heart such as he had not known for many a month. He believed Kellerman—and yet [illegible], but he fought down his instinct and still believed him.

CHAPTER XIII.

No word had come of any project of attack on the morrow morning. In this the sergeant's prediction had probably proved false; yet the feeling in the air of something impending seemed to have communicated itself to the enemy's lines.

[illegible]

[illegible] stepped upon the sentry's platform [illegible] that in the darkness a [illegible] about halfway to the German trenches.

Then he heard Kellerman's voice at his side.

"A man of the [illegible]th got hit," he said. "Bring him in, Weston. Make a quick job of it. Corporal Palmer, you'll take charge. You two will be ready to take out your stretcher in case anything happens to the two others."

The corporal led the way, crouching, [illegible] a diagonal [illegible] beyond the third [illegible] The body of the wounded [illegible], which had disappeared, came into light, a black patch under the stars.

"Get down!" whispered the corporal. They flung themselves to the ground, and proceeded to wriggle forward, under his directions, pushing the stretcher as noiselessly as possible across the rough ground. Suddenly the man with Mark uttered an exclamation.

"What the devil's he sent us on this job for?" he demanded truculently.

"Shut up, you fool!" whispered the corporal hoarsely.

Continued next week.

CALLED FOR QUICK THINKING

Skipper of Burning Ship, With Cargo of High Explosives, in No Position to Hesitate.

The Cephalonia was deeply loaded with shells, and her chill-rooms were filled with T. N. T. for the Italian army, writes B. E. Cropley in the Atlantic. She was well in the midst of the convoy proceeding down the Thames and had just passed beyond the submarine net, when a thin pencil of smoke was seen to rise from the corner of No. 1 hatch. It happened to catch the third officer's eye first, and he called Sammy's attention to it. In two shakes Sammy had sounded four blasts on the siren, and a flag fluttered from the yard-arm, which caused all other ships to give him a wide berth, as the propeller of the Cephalonia churned up the sea in her frantic effort to back and turn as if to return to London. A ship on fire should return to port, but Sammy, with a cargo of T. N. T. wasn't the kind of a skipper to risk blowing cottages and Biddies into the next world in an effort to save his own skin. No; he turned the Cephalonia till her stern was head to the breeze, and slowly kept her backing seaward to restrain the fire, if possible, from spreading aft to his chambers of T. N. T.; backed her away from port and other ships, so that, if she did blow up, the military loss would be confined to the Cephalonia alone. And all the while he was wondering what moment a U-boat would pop up and send a torpedo into him, or he would strike a drifting mine.

DUBLIN BOOTBLACKS IN 1780

Polish Used at That Time Was a Combination of Lampblack and Rotten Eggs.

Among the populace of Dublin in 1780 the shoeblacks were a numerous and formidable body. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush and an old wig.

A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoeblack sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. The gentleman put his foot in the lap of the shoeblack without ceremony, and the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush.

The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing rooms.—University Magazine.

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[illegible], Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

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All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Vanllyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. G. Pihlblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

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Council—C. M. Colegrove, pres.; F. M. Bisker, secy.; Claude Hackett, R. T. Garlick, W. B. Hopper, J. A. Lindholm, W. H. Hungerford, J. B. [illegible]
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
School Directors—E. A. Studholme, pres.; G. W. Mitchell, v. pres.; T. H. Morrison, secy.; W. F. Specht, treas.; T. F. Hungiville.
Board of Health—Dr. John Clark, secy.
Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—[illegible] Burdick.
Auditors—[illegible] Mason, R. W. Strong, F. H. [illegible]
Judge of Election—[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—[illegible]
[illegible]

Don't trifle with a cold —it's dangerous.

You can't afford to risk Influenza.

Keep always at hand a box of.

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red Top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

CORYVILLE

Visited His Old Home—Sad Death of a Child—Personal Notes.

Ernest Fairchild of Buffalo N. Y. was a recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild. Mr. Fairchild formerly lived here but has for some time had a responsible and splendid position at the Lackawanna Steel Works.

Godfrey Hokenson of Gaffey was home with his family over Sunday.

Eli Champlin of Buffalo, N. Y., was a week end guest at the Champlin and Tyler home.

Born; a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nunn, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs Leonard Webster have bought a new piano.

On Saturday a new piano was delivered from Bradford to Vernon Rees.

J. A. Sparks was in Smethport on business Saturday.

Mrs. Belle Cory received word Sunday from Olean that her son Edwin Cory was very sick. Mrs. Cory went Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Rice are the proud parents of an 8 lb son born to them Sunday November 17. Congratulations.

Leigh Rees of Port Allegany was a week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rees. Mr. Rees was very sick with rheumatism for several months, but is improving rapidly under the treatment of Dr. F. J. Austin of West Auburn, Pa., a former resident of Coryville.

Frank Shick went to Warren one day last week to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Henry Minier. Mr. Minier and family were former resident of this place. Mrs. Minier leaves her husband, two daughters and two sons.

The "flu" patients are doing fine. Little Theo. Mosely said he had been vaccinated, and he guessed that kept him from getting the "flu". We are glad to see Theo out again after being confined to the house for several days.

Dr. Huff of Eldred was in town recently attending patients.

Miss Marion Bush, teacher of Fritz bee school is in Olean on a business mission.

Miss Margaret Starkweather who is teaching at Bordell is home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild will entertain the following guests at their home Thanksgiving Day. Mr. and Mrs. Burton Prentiss, daughters Ellen and Gladys, of Olean; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Prentiss, and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Trank and family of Eldred.

Martin Finley the young son of Mr. and Mrs. William Finley, who was kicked in the face by a horse and so seriously injured a week ago last Saturday, died last week Thursday. The funeral was held at the home Saturday at 1 p. m. Rev. Lawrence Thayer of Farmers Valley officiating. Burial at Smith's cemetery. It was a very sad case and much sympathy is extended to the family.

CROSBY

Light-Fingered People Around—Gave A Birthday Party—Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup were in Kentucky the past week.

Mr. M. W. Grinolds was a Crosby visitor Sunday.

There must be some light fingered people around here the way chickens game and traps are disappearing "Moral" better be careful.

Mr. John M. Glenn is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilcox at present.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sheldon of Smethport, Thursday.

John Kilcoin spent Sunday with his wife.

Arthur Wilson spent Sunday at his home.

Mrs. Herman Krueger gave a birthday party for her little daughter Helen, it being her sixth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitemore moved their household goods to Crosby last week in Blanche McDades house.

Miss Marguerite Murr is visiting her parents in Olean.

Pocahontas had an oyster supper Thursday night after lodge.

Mrs. Frank Grinolds was a Crosby visitor Monday p. m.

Miss Velma Wilcox was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Herman Krueger Friday night.

BUSH HILL

Ill With Pneumonia, is Recovering—Personal Notes.

Mrs Robert Cleveland and Mr. Theo Cleveland called on the Misses Nellie and Margaret Smith Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKiernan were Smethport business visitors Saturday.

Miss Nellie Smith and Mr. Elvan Wright called on the Misses Marie Hooley and Agnes March Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds and children were seen on our roads Sunday.

Mrs. Rupert Cleveland returned to her home in Olean after a few days the guest of Mrs. F. E. Cleveland.

Miss Anna Smith daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Titus Smith who has been in the Meshawaka hospital, Indiana with pneumonia is getting along as well as can be expected which is pleasing news to her many friends.

LARABEE

Mrs. Hubbard Injured in Runaway Accident is Recovering.

Dan Lane of Rock Run called on Eros Carpenter, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Evans of Turtle Point called on Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice Wednesday.

Chas Curtis of East Smethport, is in town this week threshing for some of the farmers.

Dan Raxmann is working as relief agent for the Penna. R. R. Co. at Corydon, Pa.

Mrs. Fannie Ireland of Coryville called in town recently.

Rodney Simar of Turtle Point is boarding in town and working for the Wilson and English Construction Company.

Miss Olive Campbell of Eldred called on friends in town, Sunday.

Dennis Delaney and sons, Gorden and Joseph, of Bardon Brook called on Eros Carpenter Sunday.

Eugene Haynes of East Smethport expects to move his family to Sartwell next month and will work his fathers farm.

Mrs. F. A. Moore of Coryville visited relatives in town Saturday.

Mrs. Homer Clarke of Keating Summit died recently of influenza. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn her loss. She was formerly a resident of Larabee.

Miss Zella Carpenter is assisting with the work in the Penn R. R. Station here.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Violet Berger
vs.
John E. Berger
No. 6, June Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting.

Whereas Violet Berger did on the 15th day of February 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John E. Berger.

We therefore command you the said John E. Berger that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause if any you have why the said Violet Berger your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided.—Herein fail not.

A true copy.
H. G. Berkhouse, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 3, 1918. adv46w4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter
vs.
William John Ritter
No. 73, June Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting.

Whereas Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter did on the 25th day of April, 1918 prefer her petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you William John Ritter.

We therefore command you the said William John Ritter that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause if any you have why the said Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
R. J. Campbell, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 9, 1918. adv46w4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Harrison B. Kidder
vs.
Rose Kidder
No. 88, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting:

Whereas Harrison B. Kidder did on the 2nd day of July prefer his petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Rose Kidder.

We therefore command you the said Rose Kidder that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause, if any you have why the said Harrison B. Kidder your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided.

Herein fail not.

A true copy.
W. E. Burdick, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 9, 1918. adv46w4t.

WANTED.

At once 50 wood chopers—good timber, good pay, work near Betula. Inquire of C. M. Benson, Colegrove, Pa. adv46w3.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Joseph Haynes of Sartwell called on his sister, Mrs. J. T. Johnson, Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Hubbard is recovering from the injuries she received in the runaway accident.

BETULA

School to Remain Closed Until Dec. 9—Two Deaths Are Mentioned.

The Board of Education has decided to have the local schools remain closed until after the county institute. School will begin, December 9, if conditions are favorable.

Mr. J. Leyman, of Norwich, died at his home, early Sunday morning. Influenza was the cause of his death.

Mrs. Lena Dodge, of Keystone, was operated on for appendicitis, one day last week. She is at the Bradford hospital.

Mr. Joseph Young the chief engineer of the Brooklyn Coperage Company was in town several days last week. While here he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. Edwards.

A baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy O'Laughlin, Saturday.

Miss Lillian Gallup, who is taking the nurse's course at The Buffalo General Hospital has just recovered from an attack of Influenza. She has been granted a short vacation, in which to regain her health, and is spending it at the home of her parents.

Mr. Mouat, of Galeton was in town on business, Thursday.

Mr. Edward Rowe has recovered from his illness and will be able to resume his duties at the store.

The Logan Tailoring establishment has been moved from Norwich to Betula and is now located in the Van Orman Building.

Church services were held at the M. E. Church, Sunday morning. These are the first services that have been held since the Influenza Ban was declared. It was not thought advisable to have Sunday School.

Mrs. Eberly of Keystone, died at her home, Monday morning. Her death was caused by Influenza. She was the mother of four little children.

The Influenza is spreading at Keystone. There are so many cases that it has been necessary to establish a temporary hospital. Two nurses are in charge.

Mrs. Dodge is very busy, caring for her daughter, Mrs. Adelbert Gallup, who is quite sick.

POMONA GRANGE MEETING.

The McKean County Pomona Grange Meeting to be Held at Liberty Grange Hall, Port Allegany, Pa., Wednesday Dec. 4.

Open Session 11:00.
Reports of Subordinate Granges.
Miscellaneous business.
Dinner 12:00.
Afternoon Session 1:30.
Election of Officers, Executive Committee, and Financial Committee Program. Open to all. 2:30.
Song—America.
Invocation—Rev. Harvard Griffith.
A few words of Welcome—H. R. Hilton, Master Liberty Grange.
Response—L. J. White.
Song Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Address—Hon. F. N. Godfrey, Olean, N. Y.
Song—Old Glory.
Reading—Winifred Simpson.
Questions Answered.
Closing Song.

Every Grange in the County is requested to send a delegation to the meeting on account of election of officers.

ANNA McCAREY.
Lecturer.

Advertise in the MINER.

MILITARY HISTORY OF THE COUNTY WORK IS UNDER WAY

The task of securing a complete list of McKean County men in the Service of the United States or our Allies and of the men and women engaged in welfare work with the soldiers in Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Red Cross, etc., is well under way throughout the county. In several communities the work is already completed and the Honor Roll of the community containing the names of their men and women in the Service is already made up and posted so that citizens may study the list of names and suggest other names of those omitted in order that all records may be obtained on the Records from the families. Smethport Boro committee has its canvass completed and Roll of Honor posted in the window of the County Council of Defense Headquarters. The county seat list carries 130 names of those who have gone from that borough. The value of the public Roll of Honor was well demonstrated; also the necessity of going to the homes and factories or other employers of labor in order to get the complete list of soldiers. In Smethport a preliminary survey placed the total number of names at approximately 150 and yet canvass and several in engagements the Honor Roll and canvass have increased it to 130. It is believed that this same result will be shown in every community. This comes about because the boys have been entering the Service with Company C, and Company E and with the National Army; in the latter case by induction of the Draft Boards but also scores from every district have entered the Navy, Aviation, Students Army Training Corps and other various branches of the Service. These men enlisted one by one, and the systematic house-to-house work supplemented by the community Roll of Honor insures that the record of each will be obtained.

There are some three hundred volunteers engaged in this work, mostly women. It is providing very interesting work. Records are already made of our heroes in the earlier battles of war at Mons and the Marne. The supreme sacrifice of our home boys was made in the earlier months and years of the war as well as at Chateau Thierry and the more recent decisive engagements. Our boys encountered the submarine; the record shows at least two survivors of the ill-fated Tuscania and several in engagements with them, at least one of whom was decorated for bravery in saving life. The record of our boys who made the supreme sacrifice for us on the field of battle, on the sea, in the air, in the training camps and hospitals, of those wounded in action or accidentally in the service. The record of their achievements and in many cases promotions, the history of the part our boys are taking in the great world war; the opening chapters are now being written. The workers engaged in securing the record are doing very important, as well as interesting work. Particular attention is requested to the information desired on the back of the record card regarding previous military record of the soldier or father or other forbear. Records of the warriors of other days are thus brought to light again, the red blood of the veterans of the War of the Revolution, the Mexican, Spanish and the Civil Wars, the Indian Wars. This previous military record should be carefully shown on the card. Below is published a facsimilie of the card. The original should be carefully filled out using ink or typewriter.

ROLL OF HONOR

McKEAN COUNTY MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES OR OUR ALLIES, INCLUDING Y. M. C. A., K. OF C., AND RED CROSS

NOTE. Permanent Record card. Fill in carefully these blank spaces. Use typewriter or write legibly with ink. Do not fold this card.

This is to certify that .....
(Give name in full)

age.... of ..... McKean County,
(Give Address, Street and No. or R. F. D. No.)

Twp..... entered the Service of .....by
(U. S. A. or what Ally)

Enlistment, Induction, on..... at.....
(Cross out one) (State month, day and year)

joining..... married, single, address now is
(State Branch of Service) (Cross out one.)

.....
(State Bank, Regiment, etc., showing present proper mailing address.)

next of kin is .....
(State Relationship, name and address.)

I certify that the above information is correct.

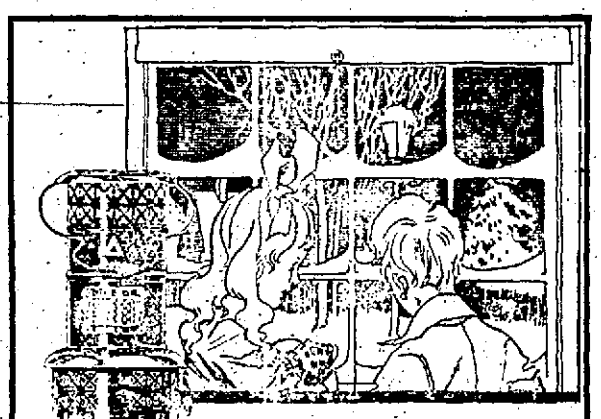
Signed, ... relationship .....

Dated ..... address .....

Attest, correct.....
(Council of Defense Representative.) (Address.)

IMPORTANT. Below state fully regarding sickness, wounded, death, imprisonment, citations for bravery, discharge or resignation or promotions of this Service man or woman. State name and address of father, mother, wife children, brothers and sisters. If brother, father or grandfather or great-grandfather in service of U. S. in previous wars give name and Regiment and Company and Wars. In case of any further information being received on the above subject regarding the record of the person please notify immediately, Secretary Pennsylvania Council National Defense McKean County Branch, Headquarters Office, Smethport, Pennsylvania.

DO NOT USE THE FOLLOWING LINES.



Keeping Warm With Less Coal

That is what everybody wants to do this winter. And it is exactly what you can do if you have a Perfection Oil Heater. With this additional heat you will be comfortable all winter and burn from one to three tons of coal less than before.

Perfections are safe and they burn an economical fuel—kerosene. However, be sure you use

ATLANTIC Rayolight

instead of some unknown, unbranded kerosene. Use it in your Perfection; your lamps and lanterns. Ask for it by name and be sure to get the genuine. Highly refined and purified, it burns without smoke, smell or charring the wicks.

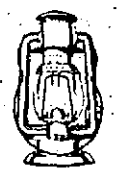
Get your Perfection Oil Heater now. There is going to be a big demand for them this year. They are reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

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For perfect results, always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer.



Rayo Lanterns

Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer.